

## COMMENT OF THE DAY

### Bikini Test

THE revelation that the US hydrogen bomb test at Bikini on March 1 injured Japanese fishermen 70 miles away from the scene of the explosion and that its radioactive properties contaminated another boat 800 miles from the testing area gives no cause for jubilation; on the contrary, it horrifies the senses, and reawakens consciousness to the dreadful weapons which are being fashioned in consequence of the current international armaments race. An American politician has observed that it is better that the world should know something about this destructive weapon than be left in total ignorance, and he is probably right. Yet it is doubtful whether even the average intelligent person really comprehends the annihilating force of the latest H-Bomb, and certainly he cannot begin to contemplate what its future "improvements" may mean in terms of death and destruction. Were the hydrogen bomb an invention exclusive to the Free World, there might be cause for satisfaction, inasmuch that it would automatically provide a strong deterrent to aggression on the part of those who possess ambitions of world conquest. But it has now been reasonably well established that Soviet Russia possesses a "hydrogen device" which undoubtedly the Russians are capable of developing into a weapon equivalent to that fired at Bikini earlier this month. Thus the arms race is reaching its cancelling out stage, with the cynic (not without some justification) sneering at the suggestion that the principal nations of the world are producing only defensive weapons. Yet even the cynic cannot, in his own heart, abandon all hope that something useful will emerge from the monstrous armaments contest which is now being waged. The knowledge that the Western and Eastern worlds can virtually obliterate each other by the employment of super weapons cannot give either any sense of satisfaction. But the ordinary man in the street is entitled to hope that this knowledge will urge the world's political leaders to seek and reach an agreement on the international control of atomic weapons in all their forms. Only if it does that will the Bikini test have justified itself.

# BRITAIN FREES STERLING

## Restrictions Relaxed Outside Dollar And Sterling Areas

### EXPORT TRADE TO BENEFIT

London, Mar. 19. The Bank of England tonight unified nearly all the various types of sterling held by people living outside the dollar and sterling areas, and is allowing all such sterling to be used for any purpose, capital account, or current account.

The only exceptions are the so-called blocked accounts (sterling resulting from legacies and matured bonds) and, for the time being, Persia, Turkey and Hungary.

Turkey's temporary exclusion from the new latitude for sterling is due to a technicality in the present payments agreement between the British and Turkish Governments. It can be smoothed out as soon as British and Turkish officials get round to the necessary negotiations. The inclusion of Hungary and Persia must await resumption of relations in matters more important than foreign exchange.

In all the rest of the world outside the dollar area and the sterling area, any foreigner will be allowed to use any sterling for any purpose that he chooses.

All the non-dollar and non-sterling accounts (with the stated exceptions) will be called transferable sterling. The barrier between transferable accounts and American and Canadian accounts will still remain. This means that the Bank of England will still not allow such sterling to be converted into dollars. But it will no longer try to stop foreigners selling such sterling for dollars at whatever they can get.

A Bank of England official frankly admitted that all these relaxations of sterling exchange controls are simply a recognition of what has already been happening. Foreigners were simply not observing the delicate distinctions that the Bank of England tried to draw all the various types of sterling held outside the dollar area.

The official added that sterling should benefit from the disappearance of restrictions which had become ineffective.

#### EASIER FOR EXPORTERS

There is no change in regard to sterling held by residents of the dollar area or of the sterling area. But the new arrangements will make things easier for banks in Britain and for exporters.

They should help the export trade because exporters will be allowed to accept any transferable sterling in payment for exports to any part of the non-dollar, non-sterling areas. Countries such as Japan and Brazil, which are short of sterling, will have much wider opportunities of earning it. The Bank of England will no longer impose any regulations or rules on transfers of transferable sterling. So Brazil, or any

### Put Your Clocks 1 Hour Ahead Tonight

Hongkong loses one hour's sleep tonight because at 3.30 a.m., tomorrow, Summer Time for 1954 officially comes into effect.

Everybody, therefore, is reminded that it is necessary to put clocks FORWARD ONE HOUR tonight before retiring.

#### SUEZ OUTRAGES

### Strong British Protest

Cairo, Mar. 19.

Sir Ralph Stevenson, British Ambassador to Egypt, tonight protested strongly to President Naguib following today's attacks on British ships in the canal zone, according to diplomatic sources here.

In the attacks one officer was killed.

Sir Ralph Stevenson protested against failing security in the zone and said British military authorities reserved the right to take what measures they deemed fit for the protection of personnel there, the sources added.

Four Egyptians, one a small boy, made an attack in which Major W.F. Burnhill of the Royal Army Medical Corps lost his life.

He was Quartermaster of the hospital for British families at El Ballah, north of Ismailia. He and Captain I. Wilson of York Administrative Office at the hospital were driving in a private car and were about 50 yards from the hospital gates when they saw the group of Egyptians.

The boy pulled aside the coat of one of the men, revealing a Sten gun with which the man immediately opened fire.

Major Burnhill, shot twice in the stomach, died in hospital later.

Captain Wilson was wounded in the shoulder, but not seriously.

Families of both officers live at El Ballah.—Reuters.

### Soviet Warning To Turkey

Moscow, Mar. 19.

It was learned today that the Soviet Union had handed a note to the Turkish Charge d'Affaires in Moscow last night in which it was asserted that Turkish actions in creating a "military pact" in the Middle East directly affected Soviet security. The Soviet note said that it was clear that such actions could only increase tension in the Near and Middle East and in Asia, and directly affected Soviet security.—France-Press.

### Hunger Strike Called Off

Cairo, Mar. 19.

Egyptian suffragettes called off their one-week hunger strike tonight after a Government Committee had promised to study their demands.

The suffragettes, led by Mrs. Doris Shafik, had been removed to a hospital after the first five days of their fast to win the vote for Egyptian women. Mrs. Shafik, head of Egypt's "Daughters of the Nile" movement and the nation's leading feminist, earlier had steadfastly refused to listen to pleas from government ministers to end the strike.—United Press.

London, Mar. 18.

Mao Tse-tung, Chinese Communist leader, was absent from yet another State occasion in Peking—a banquet for visiting North Koreans—though toast to his health was drunk, the Communist New China News Agency reported tonight.—Reuters.

# Dulles Explains US Policy Of Retaliation

Washington, Mar. 19.

Mr John Foster Dulles said today the United States would consult its Allies on ways of applying the policy of "instant and massive retaliation against aggression."

The Secretary of State, appearing before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, defended the Eisenhower Administration's "new look" defence policy of "depending primarily upon a great capacity to retaliate instantly by means and at places of our choosing."

Senator Alexander Smith (Republican) had referred to reports of fears among the United States allies that this new policy might mean they would not be consulted before the United States launched a massive retaliatory attack upon an aggressor.

Mr Dulles said that in referring to "means and at places of our choosing" the new policy meant it would be of the choosing of the free world and not just America.

In using the words "our choosing" he had in mind the "free world."

Mr Dulles said consultation was an inherent part of the new policy of deterring aggression by building up a great capacity to retaliate.

This was understood by the United States allies.

Mr Dulles was being questioned about his interpretation earlier this week of the constitutional powers of the President if an aggressor suddenly attacked the United States or one of its allies.

#### THE SAME POWER

Mr Dulles repeated that his interpretation of the North Atlantic treaty and the Rio pact between the nations of the Western Hemisphere was that an attack upon an ally of the United States was the same as an attack upon the United States itself.

Therefore the President had the same power to order retaliation in an attack on Europe as in an attack on the United States.

Mr Dulles illustrated this by pointing out that when the United States negotiated a security pact with the Philippines and another with Australia and New Zealand, it had deliberately not made the same ruling.

Instead of saying an attack on these Pacific countries would be regarded as an attack on the United States, the pact said any aggression would be regarded as a threat to America's peace and security.

In this sense the Pacific pacts were "a little less complete" than the Atlantic Pact, which amounted to a finding that an attack in the Atlantic area would be the same as an attack on the United States.

# TODAY'S RACING SELECTIONS

## By "Rapier"

**RACE 1**  
Same Again  
Valbridge  
The Stranger  
Outsider: Ann Hing.

**RACE 2**  
Speedy Roger  
Ben Lodi  
Tiny Grey  
Outsider: Phoenix.

**RACE 3**  
Half Moon Bay  
Top Secret  
Straight Forward  
Outsider: Bankfoot.

**RACE 4**  
Char Ting  
Balsam  
Beautiful Phoenix  
Outsider: Jungle Queen.

**RACE 5**  
Babel  
Gabriel Junks  
Squadron Leader  
Outsider: Clonfeckle.

**RACE 6**  
Mineola  
Diana  
Firestone  
Outsider: Pegasus.

**RACE 7**  
Cleopatra  
Great Conqueror  
Marine Charger  
Outsider: Adorable Ada.

**RACE 8**  
Three Stars  
Lassie  
Matador  
Outsider: Aesthete.

**RACE 9**  
Gracechurch  
Exquisite Love  
Evening View  
Outsider: Fox Hunter.

## By "The Turf"

**RACE 1**  
The Stranger  
Same Again  
Blossom Time  
Outsider: Gay Prince.

**RACE 2**  
Phoenix  
Speedy Roger  
Ben Lodi  
Outsider: Harmony.

**RACE 3**  
Norseman  
Gold Crown  
Ice Field  
Outsider: Beautiful Lie.

**RACE 4**  
Char Ting  
Jungle Queen  
Sunstreak  
Outsider: Senarita.

**RACE 5**  
Babel  
Gabriel Junks  
Squadron Leader  
Outsider: Cracker Jack.

**RACE 6**  
Mineola  
Free Kick  
Firestone  
Outsider: Precious Mine.

**RACE 7**  
Marine Charger  
Uncle Willie  
Diamond Dahlia  
Outsider: Brivisto.

**RACE 8**  
Three Stars  
First Lady  
Ironside  
Outsider: Bright Knight.

**RACE 9**  
Olympic Torch  
Gracechurch  
Exquisite Love  
Outsider: Loyal Student.

# Eden Wary About The Geneva Conference

London, Mar. 19.

The Foreign Secretary, Mr Anthony Eden, said tonight that the Geneva Conference may prove perhaps even more disconcerting than the Berlin Conference in view of the complex problems to be raised and the number of powers taking part.

Britain would attend determined to do everything in her power to favour international understanding and promote the cause of peace, he said.

Addressing a meeting in his constituency of Kenilworth in Warwickshire Mr Eden also referred to China. Britain, he said, had recognised Communist China a long time ago, but had not received proper treatment in return.

"The treatment of British diplomatic representatives in China," he declared, "has been high-handed and the Chinese have been harsh and unjust to British business interests in China."

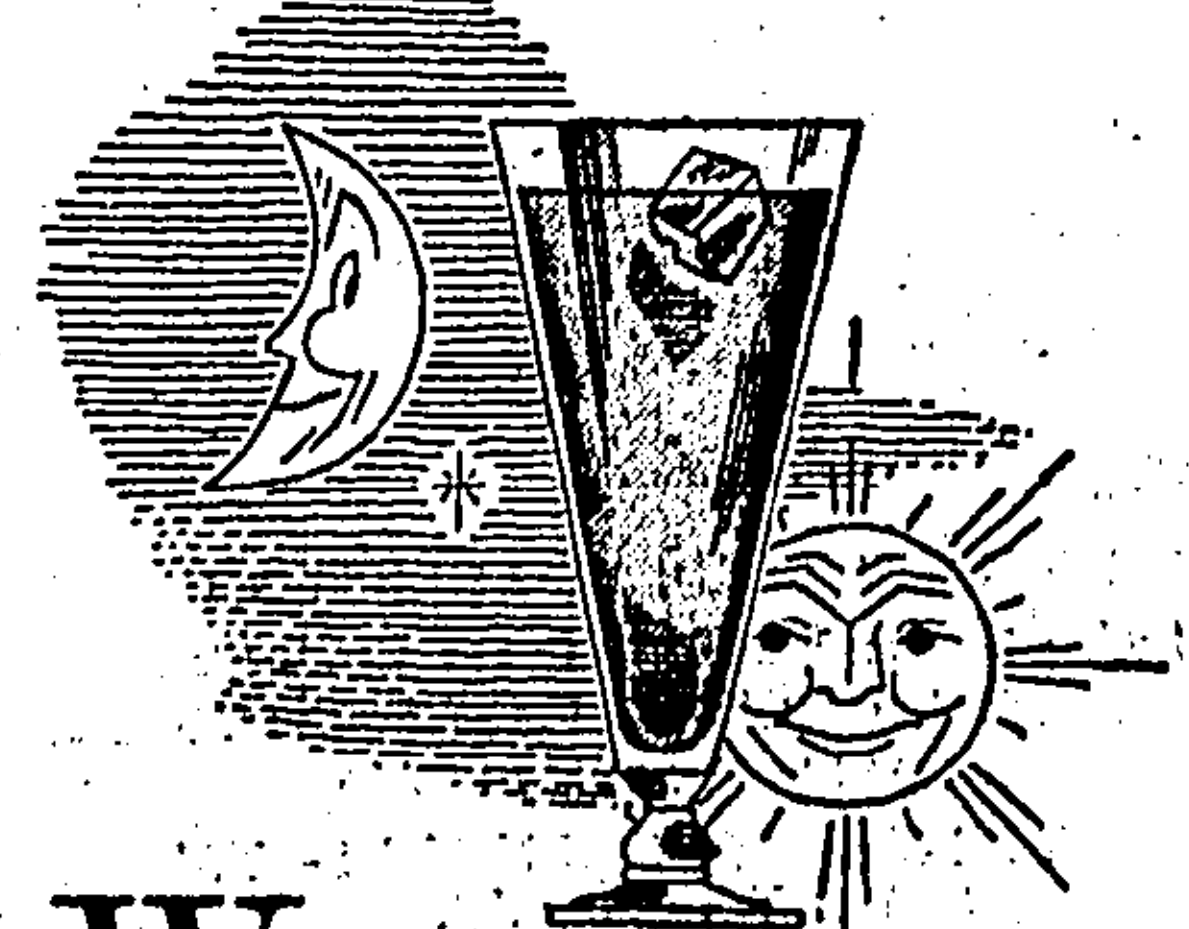
Referring to the Berlin Conference, Mr Eden said that Soviet Foreign Minister Vyacheslav Molotov's aim had been clear. "He was out to disrupt our Western defence system. He was trying to drive the Americans and the Canadians out of Europe and to bring about a situation in which the whole continent would be at the mercy of the Red Army," Mr Eden said. "He has not given any sign that he is prepared to abandon these basic aims."

Mr Eden continued: "I believe that the Soviet Government now know in their own hearts—though they would never admit it publicly—that the European Defence Community within NATO will not constitute a threat to Soviet security.—France-Press.

### Parachute Jump Record

Buenos Aires, Mar. 19.

An Argentine Army paratrooper sergeant, Dullio Barbieri, today beat the world's record for night jumps with 37 jumps. Sgt Barbieri had to discontinue his performance owing to bad weather conditions.—France-Press.



## Which drink is a beauty treatment?

The pleasantest way to keep your skin clear and youthful is to drink a glass of lime juice night and morning. For this refreshing drink, with its cool, clean tang, purifies the blood—Nature's own beauty secret. Get a bottle of lime juice today and start the "treatment" tonight! And let all your family share the benefits of drinking lime juice regularly.

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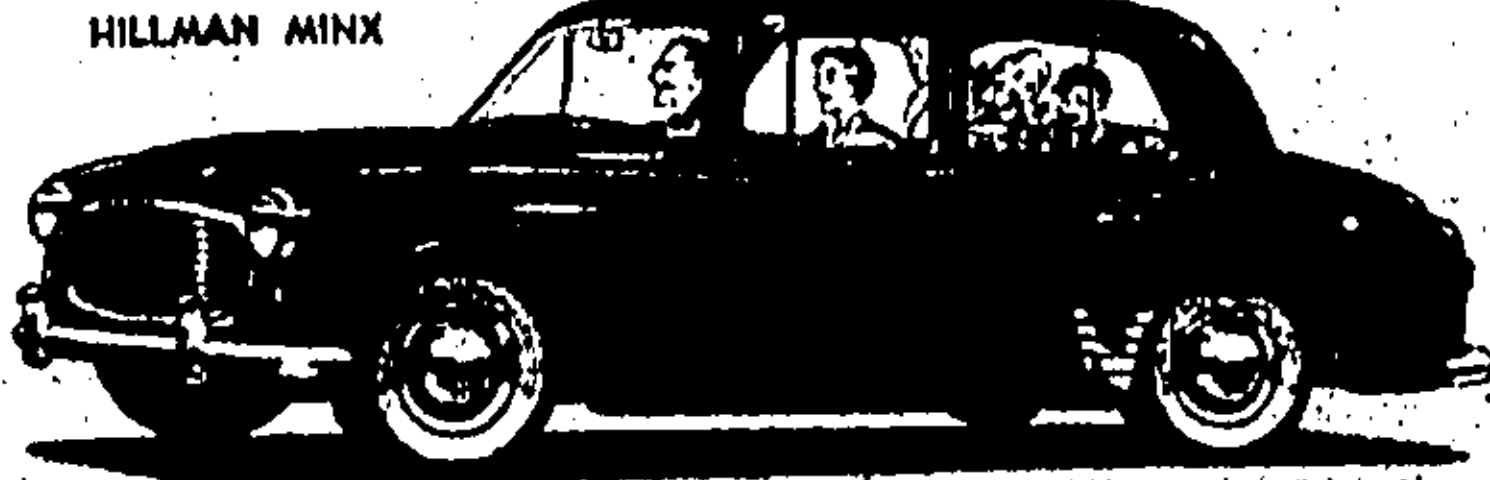
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20th Century-Fox Presents  
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in  
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In Color by Technicolor!  
AT REDUCED PRICES!

## KING'S PRINCESS

At 2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 p.m. At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.

### SHOWING TO-DAY

A GREAT WALL PRODUCTION



#### TALES OF THE CITY

Starring  
**FU CHE**  
**HSIA MOON**  
Dialogue in Mandarin

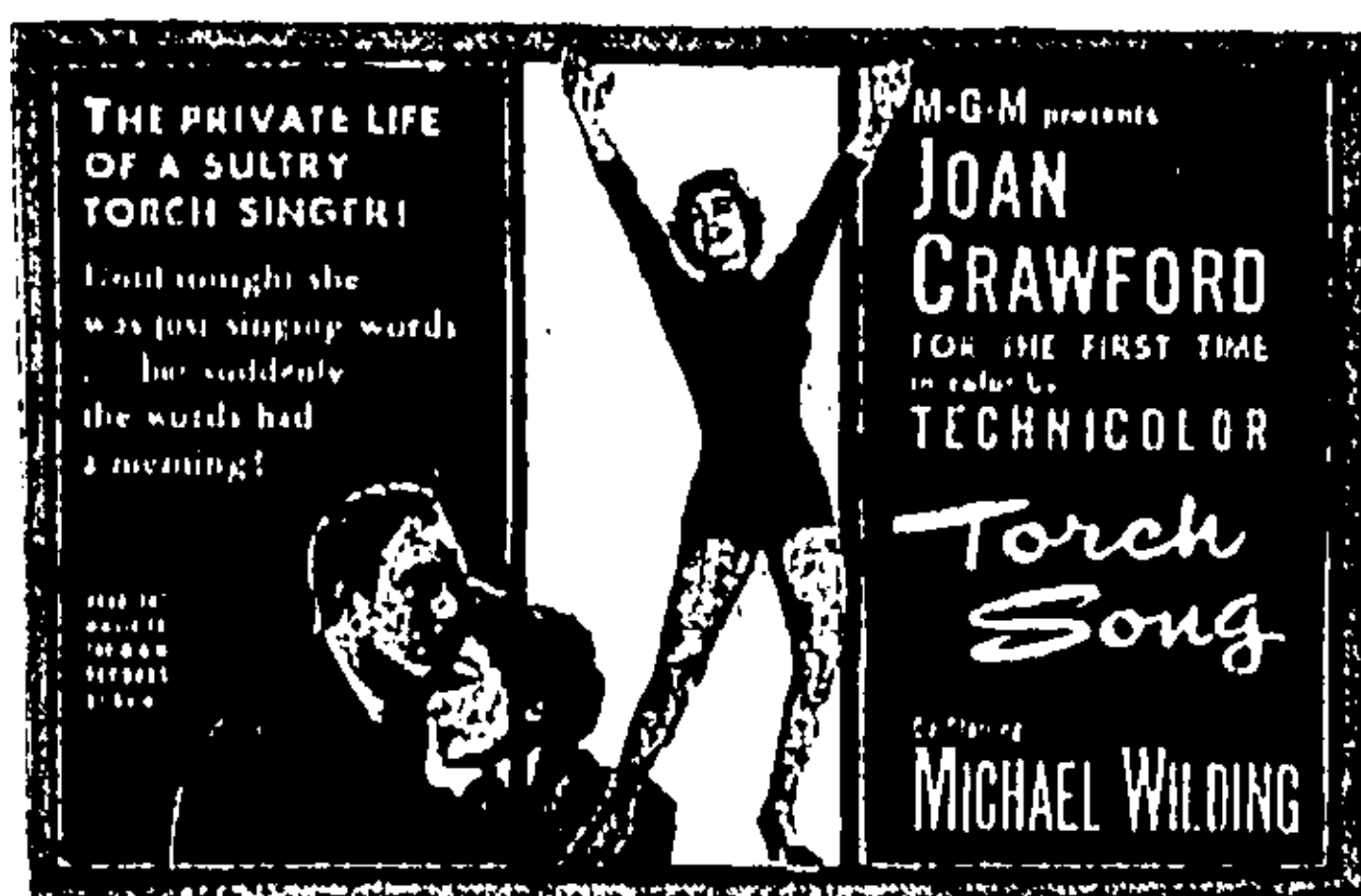
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At 11.15 a.m.  
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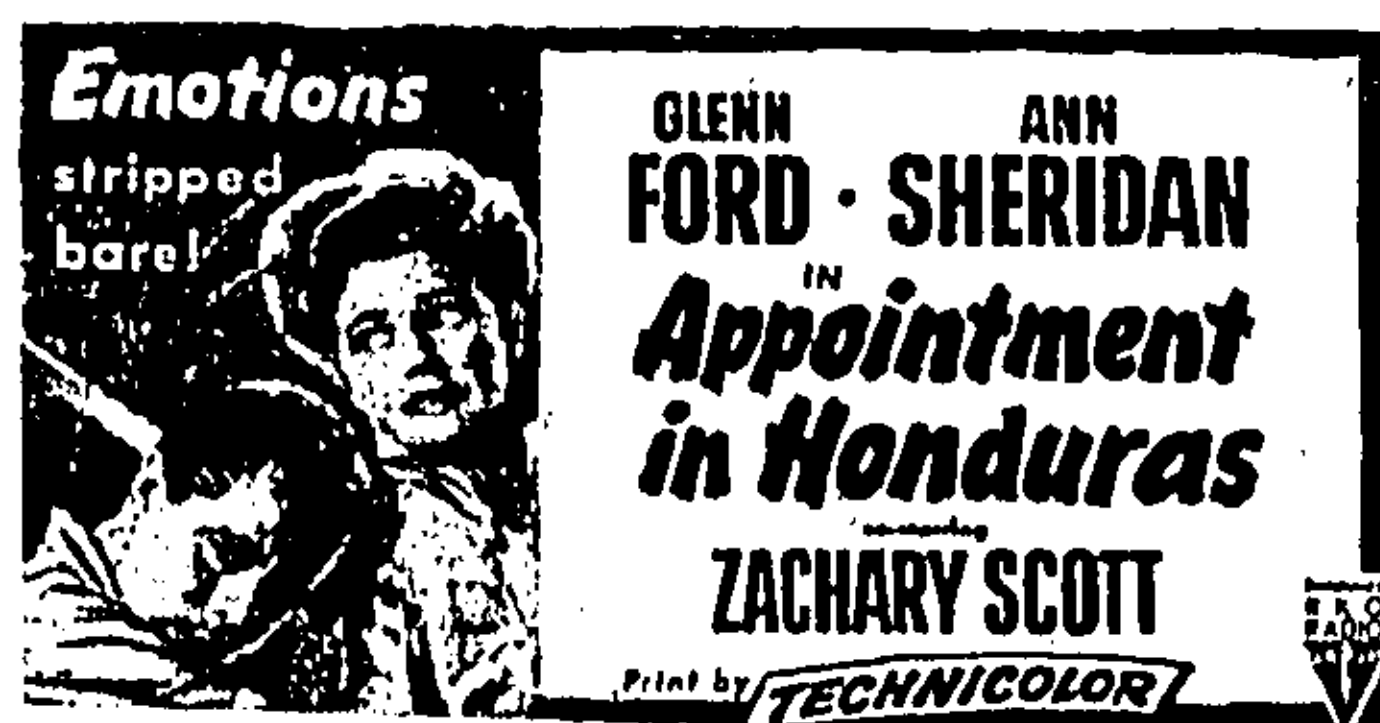
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SUNDAY MORNING SHOW AT 12.30 P.M.  
M-G-M's TOM & JERRY  
TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS  
At Reduced Prices: \$1.50, \$1.00

SHOWING TO-DAY **MAJESTIC** AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.  
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AT OUR NEW REGULAR ADMISSION PRICES  
Lodge Seats: \$2.40, Dress Circle: \$1.70,  
Back Stalls: \$1.20, Front Stalls: 70 Cts.

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW  
AT 12.30 P.M.

Walt Disney's TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS  
At Reduced Prices: \$1.20, 70 Cts. & 40 Cts.

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## MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN



By Lee Falk and Phil Davis

## FILMS—CURRENT AND COMING

By JANE ROBERTS

I'm not going to take you any further ahead than next week in this "Current and Coming" so unavoidsably I shall be covering ground that is probably a little familiar to you. However, to get a clear view of any objective you've got to look at it from many points of vantage, so perhaps an additional opinion will give you a better idea of what sounds like your particular cup of tea in the way of pictures.

The Roxy and Broadway are continuing their successful run of "HOW TO MARRY A MILLIONAIRE" through next week and in case your lucky friends who've already seen it haven't regretted you with all the details yet, here are a few of them. Starring Marilyn Monroe, Laurey Bacall and Betty Grable. Story: Three ways to get a man, preferably a millionaire. Entertainment value: Very good.

The King's and Princess will be starting "Killer Ape" next week after the Chinese picture "TALES OF THE CITY." I haven't been to see "Killer Ape," so I can't recommend it as "an animal picture to take the whole family to" in case said Killer Ape with a lead crunch devours the heroine and leaves you with a herd of hysterical children on your hands.

What I can do, though, is give you a few interesting facts about that survivor of so many animal pictures—Jungle Jim, otherwise known as Johnny Weissmuller.

It doesn't seem so very many years ago since he earned the title of "King of the International Swimming Pool" by being the current holder of five Olympic swimming championships and of some 67 world swimming records, a few of which haven't been beaten yet. He retired gracefully into films with the enviable reputation of never having lost an event in which he competed.

In "KILLER APE," the feminine interest is provided by Carol Thurston.

### CHIFFON SCARE

Following Jungle Jim there will be "FLIGHT TO TANGIER"—or six ways to drupe a lime green chiffon scarf. Perhaps I'm showing you the film a little out of focus, because, while I'm sure it's exciting and just possibly believable, you can't though, whether you're male or female, get away from the provocative presence of Corinne Calvet AND that chiffon scarf.

Throughout the film she wears the same outfit—a delicious lime green, pearl trimmed sweater, a skirt a few shades lighter than looks as though it has been poured on and the scarf. This scarf is a hem length drifting affair that she seems to be wearing a different way in each sequence.

Joan Fontaine, too, seems to be working with a limited wardrobe in "FLIGHT TO TANGIER."

Corinne Calvet's straight-from-the-shoulder method of fighting for central character, Jack Palance, is symbolised by the sweater. Joan Fontaine's technique is of the more subtle kind. Except for her one change, she goes through the film with a stiff upper lip, a magnolia shirt blouse and a white flared skirt.

The best lines in the film go to these two girls and naturally the best of the colouring.

During the war it was the city of Lisbon that formed the background for most of the adventure films featuring international background. Now, days the honour goes to Tangier. So contradictory are the rules and regulations governing this free port that it's not hard to see how the poor hardworking international police are completely tangled in the complicated web.

They act on one regulation, only to find their prisoners

snatched from their grasp by a sharp lawyer who knows the exact counter regulation which will free his client.

### NO WONDER

It's no wonder that in an atmosphere such as this, crime flourishes like the green bay tree. My only slight quarrel with "FLIGHT TO TANGIER" was that the villains were all very villainous and the other side—in the end—were all so true blue.

I said at the beginning that the story's just possibly believable. Well, it's Pilot DO get paid large sums to fly private planes, without delving too deeply into the reasons why they're hired. And foreign governments DO sometimes kill two birds with one stone by engaging in a little buying and selling of dubious goods and throwing the blame on the poor peace-loving capitalist countries. But I'm letting the story take out and that won't do.

My final word on "FLIGHT TO TANGIER" is that the colour is lovely, Corinne Calvet and Joan Fontaine are delectable and Jack Palance can't possibly leave you neutral.

"WOMEN OF PARIS" is a neat little French film—(thank goodness its players speak French, with the captions only in English and that it's not dubbed, as was "GOLDEN MAJIE"—with, as background, a night club called "The Blue Ribbon").

THE QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA are showing it before "LOVE LOTTERY." Did I say background? Some of the night club numbers are produced to the same length as they would be in a live show, making the story incidental to the revue, rather than giving the film the story with a musical background treatment.

All in all it is very well done and looks quite up to date, which is more than could be said for a certain so-called "modern" Italian comedy I saw recently.

The revue artists really can dance and many of the comedy incidents will make you chuckle. Brigitte Aubert as Giselle is charming, with something of Michael Morgan about her, but with a slightly more elfin charm than the rather cold Michele.

### STOPS SKY-SCANNING

As Professor Epilsson, the Nobel prize-winning astronomer who deserts his laboratory at a crucial moment in his planet-watching in order to go to the help of a girl he's never seen, Michel Simon is a very lovable, dignified old gentleman who can be believed in however improbable the situation.

Comedy, British style, is the keynote of "THE LOVE LOTTERY." The picture's in Technicolor and in it David Niven is seen as a film star with a yearning to be a little more than the idol of thousands of film fans. He's tired of the hysterical women whose devotion has made him a movie star. Two film managers to get in quite a few digs at the star system, without, of course, condemning it.

The comedy in the film is conveyed in the situation and David Niven's lifted eyebrow and slightly bewildered air are well suited to the script given him.

Peggy Cummins and Anne Vernon are a freshly pretty pair of girls who grace the picture quite happily and there's also that fascinating villain, Herbert Lom, born in Czechoslovakia, to lend a Continental flavour to the whole thing.

I find Felix Aymer's diction always a delight to listen to and if you share my admiration for this delightful old gentleman, you'll be glad to know that you'll find him in "THE LOVE LOTTERY."

Another very small part—that of a chamber maid—is taken by Hattie Jacques. If the name doesn't mean anything to you, think back to the old ITMA days. Remember her

I'd like to deal with "TORCH SONG," at the Capitol and Liberty with "FLIGHT TO TANGIER" in mind, in order, first of all, to indulge a little femininity and comment once more from the clothes angle.

Both films are coloured, but while the girls of "FLIGHT TO TANGIER" were probably arguing with the director before the end of the picture that they "hadn't a thing to wear," Joan Crawford in "TORCH SONG" couldn't possibly have complained on that score.

### EXOTIC AS EVER

I didn't count her outfits, but almost every sequence showed her in a different one. However, was I think, sweater and practice tights or just a simple little yellow negligee, Joan looked as exotic as ever.

It's definitely her picture. She dominates it. The story is about a successful (thank goodness not a half-breed making a come-back) musical comedy star who is so good—and knows it—that she drives all her co-workers to the verge of hysteria with her bad temper and impossible demands.

There are some frightfully corny lines—that one about "loungeing in front of the fire with a good book and a bad woman" crops up among them, but there are many compensations.

There's a hard-boiled producer played by a veteran supporting part actor who's always worth watching (Henry Morgan) and if you like him, there's Michael Wilding, simply oozing sweetness and light and manly fortitude in spite of his blindness!

But to get back to Joan Crawford—and you really can't get away from her in "TORCH SONG"—you'll find that, whether you like the character she portrays or not, she's made it fit her like a second skin. A remarkable woman to be looking as attractive, colourful, trim and active as she does at her "X" years.

It's her first picture for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for ten years and the studio must be feeling very pleased to get her back on a showing like "TORCH SONG." The songs are good and quite capable of standing alone as popular numbers in the record world.

### RUB SHOULDERS

Crime and light-heartedness rub shoulders in "REMAINS TO BE SEEN," which will be taking over as soon as "TORCH SONG" makes way for it. Its stars are Van Johnson (Esther Williams) and June Allyson. There are lots of false clues, two bodies, three popular songs ("Too, too, Tooiee!" Taking a chance on love and "Too many yellows for words"—all tried and tested) and a brunette Angela Lansbury.

June Allyson is allowed more glamour than usual and in this adaptation of the Broadway play you'll see her as a dance band vocalist of the definitely undreamy variety.

Van Johnson, although in a serious-minded job—he's the manager of a co-operative apartment house—nourishes a secret ambition to be a red-hot drummer. With the two stars showing such characteristics, you'll have an idea of the general temper of the film.

Angela Lansbury's sly sophistication is a far cry from the Cockney servant girl of earlier day and makes an effective contrast with the effervescent June Allyson.

John Beat is a sinister doctor who does his bit, with Louis Calhern, to mix up the plot in the misleading manner so dear to the hearts of crime film producers. Dorothy Dandridge sings.

The Lee and Grant World will also be coming to the Capitol next week, in fact they've already started their tour with "TARZAN AND THE SHE-DEVIL." Lee's partner, who's to

cope in this picture with Liza Taylor, the Ivory Queen, in the person of Monique Van Vooren. I'm told she's a Belgian beauty with a voluptuous figure and distinct personality. To find out what they mean, look up "distinct" in the dictionary. Anyway, she should be at home in the jungle! Joyce Mackenzie is still Tarzan's mate.

Crossing the water to Kowloon, I'd like to mention two competent pictures at the Majestic next week.

They'll be screening "APPOINTMENT IN HONDURAS" again—Glenn Ford and Ann Sheridan among the trees this time (can't we get away from this jungle?)—and after that "AFFAIR WITH A STRANGER."

### DIFFERENT MATURE

The latter shows a very different Victor Mature from the face-colouring fellow we saw in "THE ROBE." Smoothed into a lounge suit and with Jean Simmons as his attractive wife, in "AFFAIR WITH A STRANGER" he plays the part of a successful playwright.

America's preoccupation with television is suggested by the use of this medium to introduce the plot to the audience. The story starts when a television commentator sets Broadway talking with the news that the playwright and his wife are heading for divorce.

The film then goes on to show how this situation has come about—it's a material success story really, up to the time of the threatened separation. Jean Simmons is a much sought after, but lonely, model and Victor Mature a struggling writer. They marry and the ensuing scenes are a combination of their domestic and public trials and tribulations.

Monira Lewis (the singer you've possibly heard putting over some of the popular record hits) is the ostensible reason for the final break-up.

From the serious mood of the Simmons-Mature domestic troubles, let's take a look at those bothering Ruth Hussey and Dennis O'Keefe in "THE LADY WANTS MINK" at the Empire. Filmed in Technicolor, this one is the age-old story of the wife who, when given a camel-hair coat by her husband, says "thank you" with an eye on the mink coat of her neighbour.

### TO MATCH

Hard boiled Eve Arden is the neighbour, married to our old friend William Demarest. If the name Demarest signifies nothing, you'll recognise him in a second when you see him, as the figure in countless racing comedies who always wears a loud check suit and is saddled with a personality to match.

We all know how easy it is to make money as a second-hand car dealer, don't we. Well, William Demarest is one and therefore can afford a mink coat for his wife. It's all so simple. Ruth Hussey's efforts—in a nice way of course, she's that sort of a girl—to get mink coat for her very own, form the basis of the plot of this picture.

Well, what have we here—Victor Mature again! Lounge suit off, please Mr Mature, and let's see what you can do with the role of the Prince of Baghdad, in Technicolor. Guy Rolfe, who I seem to remember some time ago as an up and coming British star, is also on the cast list of "THE VEILS OF BAGHDAD," as is Virginia Field.

The period is 1535 A.D.—the days of the Ottoman Empire—and between them, Victor Mature and Mari Blanchard (as a princess in the disguise of a dancer) release the political prisoners, foil the plotters and vanquish the villains in the best Arabian Nights tradition.

"THE LOVES OF CARLEMAN" will be filling the shoes of "THE LADY WANTS MINK." A very, very free transcription of Prosper Merimee's original tale which claims to be miraculously unrelated to the opera. It's in Technicolor and in case you'd forgotten, has Rita Hayworth and Glenn Ford slouching and fighting their way through warty apes.

## QUEEN'S

5 SHOWS TO-MORROW

"Women of Paris"

and INTERNATIONAL FOOTBALL MATCHES  
EXTRA PERFORMANCE AT 11.30 A.M.

## QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA

2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 p.m. 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.

★ SHOWING TO-DAY ★



Another New French  
Musical That Tops  
"PARIS... PARIS"

*Women of Paris*  
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England vs Hungary, Etc.

## ROXY & BROADWAY

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## 7 Cardinal Rules For Dealing With Soviets

London.

Brigadier Claude Dewhurst, the former chief of Britain's mission to the Soviet Commander-in-Chief and High Commissioner in Germany, laid down seven cardinal rules to be observed in dealing with the Russians.

In his book "Close Contact" published by Allen and Unwin, Dewhurst outlined his experiences over the last five years during which time he spent three years as British military attaché to President Tito in Yugoslavia, and the remainder as the head of the British mission in Potsdam when he was in closer contact with the Russians than anyone even in Moscow.

As a result of his years behind the Iron Curtain and his dealings with Communist officials, Dewhurst drew up a

compendium of "dos and don'ts" which he has reproduced in his book. He offered them to potential Moscow-bound ambassadors with his blessing.

Firstly, never break into a subject before you discuss it with the Russians. They will have available experts in any subject you intend to discuss.

Secondly, never break into a conference at a gallop. Russians "observe" your every move of papers abstracted from your pocket before the "hors d'oeuvre" of small-talk has ended.

In protesting to the Russians never be long winded was Dewhurst's third tip. They will seize on any minor detail and if they can disprove it, invalidate the whole protest.

Fourthly, never demand anything from the Russians. As soon as they sense an ultimatum the highest levels will have to be consulted, and Dewhurst said not once were his demands accepted to obtain results were generally obtained by a circuitous "request" or "require."

Fifthly, Dewhurst advised against criticising Soviet leaders or institutions. "These are the only topics on which they have no sense of humour whatsoever."

### THE "BIG LIE"

Sixthly said Dewhurst, "a conference, interview or official talk will never produce results at the time" but the action you require to be taken "will often be taken when you least expected it."

Finally, Dewhurst advised his readers to "beware of the 'big lie'." This is employed when their hand holds no king and you have the advantage. An "lie" is then manufactured to upset the whole game.

In his unusual book about that Russians, Dewhurst told of the friendship he found amongst the East Germans on his tours to the remotest village of the "Democratic Republic" and he ended his book with a few examples of "Soviet humour."

One of the short pieces told how a Russian official asked Dewhurst at a cocktail party who Clement Attlee was. The conversation ran as follows:

Dewhurst: He is our leader of the Opposition.

Russian: Why do you allow opposition?

Dewhurst: Because we believe in Democracy.

Russian: So we, but not in people opposed to it. — United Press.

## SIDE GLANCES By Galbraith



"How long is your rubber going to stay? I'd sure like to get out of the house some day without these rubbers and mufflers!"

## X-Ray For An Elephant



"Rusty" the London Zoo elephant has a suspected diseased bone in his back leg, and after being brought from the Zoo to the Royal Veterinary College in Camden Town, his suspect leg is photographed by an X-ray camera.—London Express.

## Alberta's First Native-Born Bishop

Edmonton, Alberta.

For the first time in the history of the Anglican Church in Alberta, a native-born has become the Anglican bishop for the Edmonton diocese.

Howard Hewett Clark, 50, became bishop of the diocese, covering 47,000 square miles, in an impressive ceremony.

His jurisdiction extends from the Rocky Mountains east to the Saskatchewan border, and from Ponoka in Central Alberta, to Westlock, about 40 miles north of Edmonton.

Bishop Clark, a native of Fort Macleod in the southern section of the province, is son of Douglas Clark, who served in the Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

When his family moved to eastern Canada, the bishop, then a lad, received his schooling at Toronto and Thorold, Ontario. He attended high school in Thorold and at St. Catherine's Collegiate Institute, where teachers were impressed with his "excellent marks and fine character."

Following his graduation, the young man registered at the University of Toronto and after four years of training entered the business world, working for a life insurance company.

**DIVINITY DEGREE** But the future bishop felt an increasing desire to dedicate himself to God and to his fellow citizens. He returned once more to the University of Toronto and in 1930 graduated with a second degree—this one in Divinity.

The same year, the aspiring theologian was ordained a Deacon and served in St. Matthew's Church in Ottawa. Although he was fully devoted to his work, little did the humble man realise the high honours which he would some day receive.

Thirty years for knowledge, the newly-ordained deacon applied for a leave of absence to take his Bachelor of Arts in Philosophy. In 1932, when only in his middle thirties, he graduated with a third degree which he earned while serving as a curate in St. John's Church in Norway, Toronto.

The promising deacon was ordained a priest in October, 1932, and went to serve at St. Alban's Church in Ottawa. But not for long.

In June, 1933, he became assistant to the Very Rev. E. Frank Salmon, at Christ Church Cathedral. Six years later, the assistant became priest-in-charge, and the year after that, in 1939, was appointed rector.

A deeply-devout, intellectual and inspiring leader of his flock, Mr Clark was appointed a Canon in 1941, and four years later received the exalted appointment as Dean of Ottawa.

**HIGHER HONOUR** But a higher honour was yet to come. In Edmonton, on the evening of January 24, the noted dean, wearing a red academic hood, and black gown, and a white surplice, was elected to the highest office in the Anglican Church of Canada.

Before 60 clergy members and 100 lay delegates from his diocese gathered, the Very Rev. Archbishop Barfoot, and six bishops laid their hands on his head. By their act, he became a Bishop.

## Dollar Licence Holding Up \$3,000,000 Film

Work on the \$3,000,000 motion picture "Saragani" in which Susan Hayward or Ann Blythe may co-star with dancing Filipino actor Mikiel Conde, will start as soon as its local backers can get a dollar licence from the government.

Conde, who will direct the cinematograph, technicolour super-production besides playing the No. 1 role, is the local movie hero, director and producer whose "Ganghis Khan" attracted international attention at the 1952 Venice film festival.

## New Angle To The Cold War

Budapest.

The Budapest newspaper Szabad Ifjúság believes that "a thorough investigation" has proved that only American-made cigarettes contain an excessive quantity of tar, allegedly the main reason of lung cancer.

There is little hope, that American manufacturers will try to eliminate this deficiency, because, this would mean less profits, the newspaper confides.

It did not mention the tar content of Hungarian cigarettes, frequently called by newspapers for their appalling quality. Highly valued goods on the Budapest black market and can be obtained for 18-25 forints (\$1.50 to \$2) per pack in night clubs and fashionable restaurants.—United Press.

## Imposing Industrial Project

Wellington.

To make full use of large exotic forests now maturing, New Zealand is quickly developing the greatest industrial project in her history. This provides for a yearly output of 75,000 tons of newsprint, 36,000 tons of pulp, and 72,000,000 feet of sawn timber.

Two major concerns are engaged in the enterprise—the government-backed Tasman Pulp and Paper Company Ltd., and New Zealand Forest Products Ltd., a private concern.

One batch of mail came from the Gold Coast. Some village scribe armed with an English phrase book, apparently was doing a roaring business composing letters for his fellow tribesmen. They all went something like this:

Please I want you to send me your free booklet without any obligations, also new address of your friends. I wish you to be my friend. As time and tide do not wait for no man, I think I will drop my pen for the next letter. I send you much love. I will remain here your true friend.

A Texan, who had obviously not been at Toronto's Union station during a holiday weekend, wrote:

"For some time I have looked with wild and flashing eyes to Canada. To me, it has always seemed that your country was one of the last frontiers for people such as myself. Your country holds untold riches not only in minerals but in wild life and the happiness that a person can only derive by stretching his arms without being pushed aside by a multitude of people or without touching the cold stones of mighty buildings."

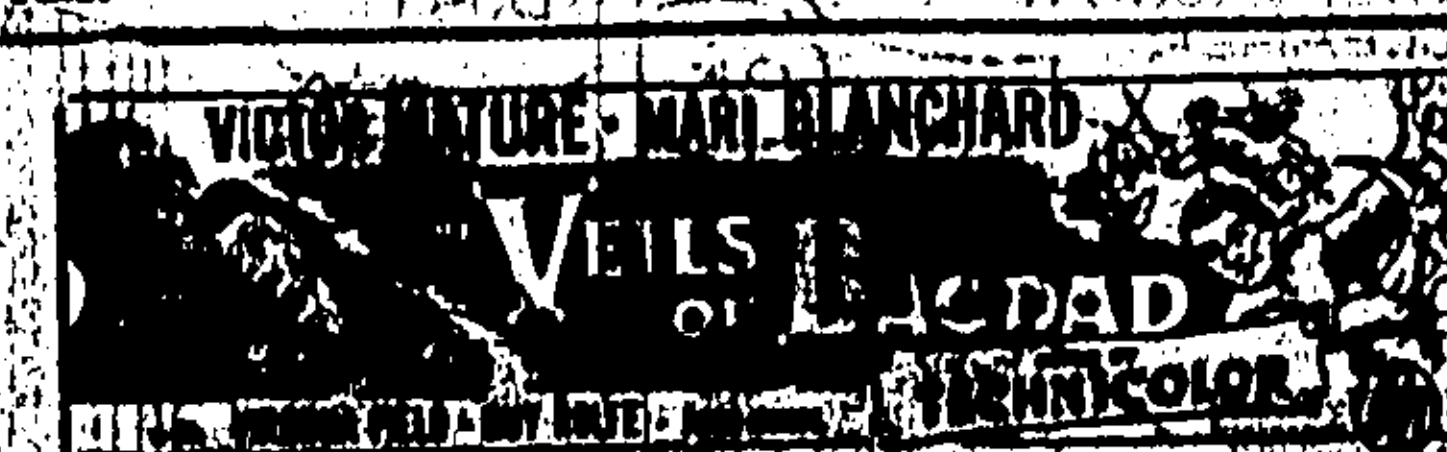
A Vancouver lass wrote: "Do you have any information on the men-to-women ratio as I am thinking of the future too? My occupation is stenographer not man-hunter. I am among the most amusing correspondents and one wrote the department: 'Will you take up all the knowledge you know about the spruce bug-worm and send it to me please. If you know anything about those flies about which I have heard in from Australia, would you send the information on this too?'—United Press.

## MEMORIALS FOR GOOD WORK

Budapest.

Marble Memorial tablets will commemorate the names of architects, engineers and manual workers of every building to be erected in Hungary in the future, the Ministry of Building announced.

Conditions for architects: blueprints in accordance with "regulations of style" for engineers: completion of building before time-limits. For workers: overfulfillment of norms, and good quality work.—United Press.



Coming to the LEE & GREAT WORLD

Manila.

Conde told the United Press the only thing holding up "Saragani" is the failure of efforts so far to get the Central Bank, which controls the nation's dollar supply, to approve a \$500,000 licence.

But he seemed optimistic the bank finally would let his local backers buy the needed dollars and remit them to the United States to push the deal through. He said \$500,000 is needed from the Philippines to cover part of the dollar expense, which he put at \$2,000,000. He said the Zorro Corporation, with offices in New York, will put up \$1,500,000 which is half of the total production cost. The rest of the cost will be in Philippine pesos.

Conde, who produced, directed and played the leading role in "Ganghis Khan," dreamed up the plot of "Saragani" years ago. He said the picture, which will be the first cinematograph movie to be made in the Far East and the most expensive production in Philippine history, will depict Philippine culture, the 12th Century, 400 years before the Spaniards came here, and the scenic beauties of this country.

**LONG RESEARCH** "I have spent four and a half years in research to give 'Saragani' every possible touch of authenticity," said Conde, who enlisted the aid of a distinguished Filipino muralist, Carlos Francisco, to help conceive settings and design the costumes, weapons, musical instruments, and other paraphernalia for the ambitious project.

Conde said he had suggested the inclusion of Jean Peters and Anthony Quinn in the supporting cast.

He also would like the cast to have beauties from all over Southeast Asia as well as 24 lovely French dancing girls.

United Artists, Conde said, will release "Saragani" for world-wide distribution. He has six months, he said, to submit the screen play to U.A., which also handled the international release of his "Ganghis Khan."

Picturesque Saragani, Bay near the southernmost tip of Mindanao, gave Conde the inspiration and the title for his colossal project.

**THE PLOT** Briefly, he described the plot as follows:

"Saragani is a man with a problem of acceptance. Half-Malay and half-Chinese, neither the Malays nor the Chinese would accept him. They called him Saragani because he comes from the Sarangani Bay area. And since he himself didn't know his real name, he adopted the name they gave him. He decided that the only way to recognition was to make himself powerful. He did and he became so powerful a warrior he disrupted trade in the South Seas."

"Pursued by his enemies, he moved North to the island of Luzon, where he became the all powerful master in the mountain region of Banue. Powerful and proud, he raised an enduring monument to himself, using the labour of his subjects. That monument is the tremendous terraces of the Ifugao, now often called the eighth wonder of the world. "It took a woman, a Malayan princess who had become a slave, to give Saragani back his soul. He freed his slaves, gave land to the landless, and

the story ends with the woman becoming Saragani's bride."

**YEAR TO FILM** Conde said the picture will take a year to shoot after all the preliminary work is done. He said it will be filmed in all the scenic spots of the Philippines—in Sarangani Bay, in colourful Mohammedan Sulu in remote Tawi-Tawi islands, in the Bicol region by the majestic Mayon volcano, on the steep Tugueyay ridges surrounding Lake Taal, in the towering mountains North of Baguio where stand the rice terraces and the other picturesque locations.

There will be scenes employing 50,000 extras, Conde said, as in the "building" of the rice terraces.

A local financing group, Manana Padilla and associates, is underwriting the production with the Zorro Corporation. But the Filipino half of the capital must include \$500,000 instead of being all in pesos, Conde stressed, and getting these dollars is the only hitch in the plans.

Conde said he expects to net 1,500,000 pesos (\$300,000) for himself if "Saragani" is a success. And someone jokingly remarked that otherwise his name would not be Conde but Conde-nado (condemned). — United Press.

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# • HOMESIDE PICTORIAL •



THE Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr Geoffrey Fisher, relaxes with his wife at the Savoy, London. They were guests at the Welsh national dinner. (Express)



PILOT Officer Ian Lee Whittle, 19-year-old son of the jet pioneer, Sir Frank Whittle, is taking his wings course as the start of a four-year engagement on a short service commission with the RAF. He is seen examining the wheel of an aircraft. (Express)



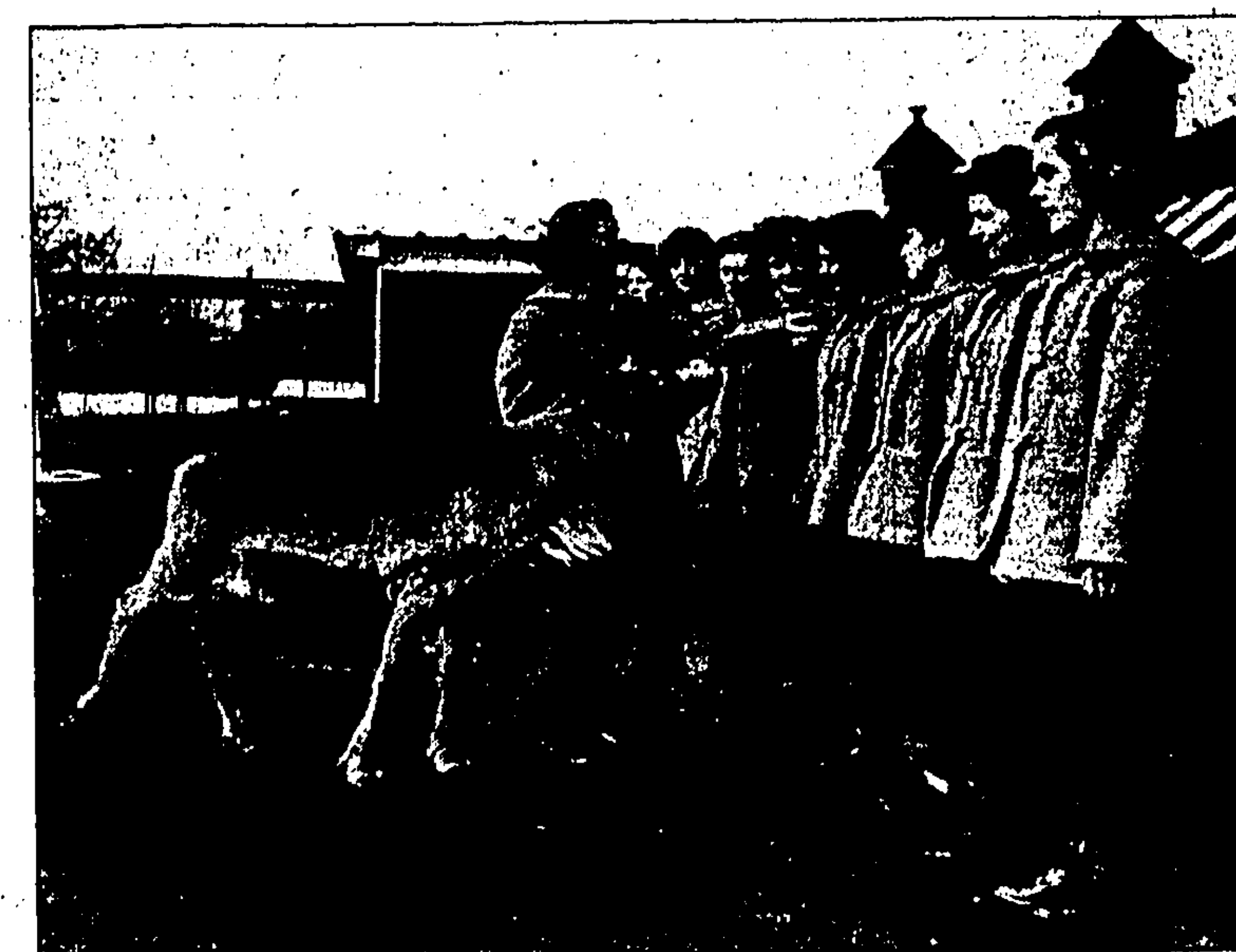
A smiling Princess Margaret arrives at Olympia to open the Ideal Home Exhibition. She watched demonstrations of modern gas and electrical apparatus, and saw scores of items designed to appeal to young couples setting up house. (Express)



ONE-TIME Gaiety girl Ada Reeve celebrated her 80th birthday early this month, and among her presents was a box of cigars from comedian Al Read. She has smoked them for years. Picture shows Miss Reeve (right) with Ann Leake, who now sings at the Players' Theatre the song, "She Glories in a Thing Like That," which Ada used to sing in the nineties. (Express)



ANTHEA ASKEY, daughter of comedian Arthur Askey, celebrated her 21st birthday in the stalls bar of London's Palace Theatre. The party then moved up to her dressing room while she made up for her part in "The Love Match." Miss Askey is pictured sampling her birthday cake. (Express)



THE Children's Zoo at London's Regent's Park was reopened this year one month earlier than usual. It has more than 200 animals, all of which the children can play with. Some of the young women who look after the animals are here lined up for inspection, while a curious goat looks on. (Express)



SHOWN at a dinner of the Waistcoat Club, held in Soho, London, are Major John Craddock, sporting a waistcoat edged with loops, and actress Valerie Pertwee, who has roses tucked in her waistcoat. (Express)



MISS Tessa Browning, 20-year-old daughter of General Sir Frederick Browning and his novelist wife, Daphne du Maurier, thanks the Regimental Sergeant-Major in charge of the guard of honour at her wedding at St James's, Spanish Place. Looking on is the bridegroom, Captain Peter de Zulueta. (Express)



EMLYN WILLIAMS (left), Dame Sybil Thorndike and Richard Burton rehearse their script before taking part in the first complete stage presentation of "Under Milk Wood" at the Old Vic. "Under Milk Wood" has been adapted from the poem by the Welsh poet, Dylan Thomas. (Express)



ONE night's snowfall brought out droves of children to Hampstead Heath next day. Dotted with toboggans and sledges, the Heath looked like a miniature St Moritz. (Express)

## NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller



BLACK  
MAGIC  
PLAIN  
CHOCOLATES



## CLEVER CANINE COPS

By TOM EYTON

A TIN of opium has been hidden. It lies concealed under six inches of sand, in a wooden trough. A police dog, big and black, barks excitedly in its kennel some 50 yards away. Instinct and weeks of training tell the animal what is expected.

The station yard is a hive of activity. A fight has been reported, and two police constables assaulted. The station's reserve strength is forming up and orders are being issued right, left and centre.

A Chinese constable leads Lena from the quiet snail of her kennel into this hustle and bustle, to where Divisional Superintendent A. L. Gordon stands in the middle of the yard. It is the red-headed Superintendent who has hidden the tin of opium as part of an exhibition to show how quickly and efficiently his dogs can find the drug.

### She's off

Lena looks up at Mr. Gordon. Her expression is almost quizzical, as if to say: "Now look, Jock, a joke is a joke, but why on earth do I have to play stupid games in the middle of the afternoon? I don't want to be looking for opium. You know I can find the stuff easily enough. And who is this guy, anyway?" A newspaper reporter wants to put me in the paper, well that's different... let's start work."

She sniffs at Mr. Gordon's fingers to get the scent of the opium, then... she's off. She moves around, crouches, lies flat and sniffs. Slowly, slowly, she makes her way, nose to the ground, to the trough. She waits for a second, then her paws begin to work like mad. She digs furiously until her teeth close around the tin box containing the opium.

Her nose twitches and her tail wags proudly. Mr. Gordon grins; his dog has proved her worth.

This exhibition of the intelligence and obedience of police dogs was given for my benefit at Kowloon City Police Station, where they have two fierce-looking Alsatians, Lena and Bingo. With the strong teeth and well-muscled bodies of fighters, this pair of canine cops move gracefully with lithe, spry steps, yet tensed and with every sense alert.

### Bingo's turn

When I saw Bingo and Lena in their cages, they made a most unholly din. They barked and growled, snarled and grunted, until Mr. Gordon quietened them with a word.

After Lena had showed her paces, Bingo was also given her chance as an opium tracker. Her first attempt failed. Apparently she had not been given a scent and was unable to locate the dope, hidden in a private car some 100 yards away.

Her second attempt was more successful.

The opium in a flat tin about six inches square was placed on the ground, under a red wooden board, completely hidden from view. Bingo was let loose about 80 yards from the tin. In a matter of seconds she was whining and pawing at the board.

This sense of smell is uncanny. The dogs never once smelled the opium itself, their only cue was the scent of Mr. Gordon after he had handled the opium. Yet each time with uncanny accuracy they were able to go straight to the hiding place.

### On Patrol

They are trained in the New Territories under the supervision of Mr. N. B. Fraser, MBE, Senior Superintendent of Police, and are sent to Hongkong police stations for duty. Kowloon City is one of the first stations to make use of these four-legged wonders. Every night they are out on patrol with two constables, one of whom is a fully-trained dog handler. Down alleys, up streets, along roads... always obedient, always sniffing. I hope Alsatians never suffer colds in the head.

Lena and Bingo are not just exhibition dogs. They have proved their worth in practice, for crime has definitely lessened in the areas they patrol.

Yet surprisingly enough they are not encouraged, to use their sharp teeth to apprehend criminals. They are primarily used as trackers. Mr. Gordon does not like the idea of setting them to attack a man. He feels that public opinion would be strongly against the use of dogs for this purpose.

The dogs are not encouraged to attack, but woe befalls anyone who interferes with either them or their handlers.



"Money—this is a swell time to tell me that one of your aunts is a Commie."

London Express Service

Tarzan of  
the Apes

Billy  
Bunter

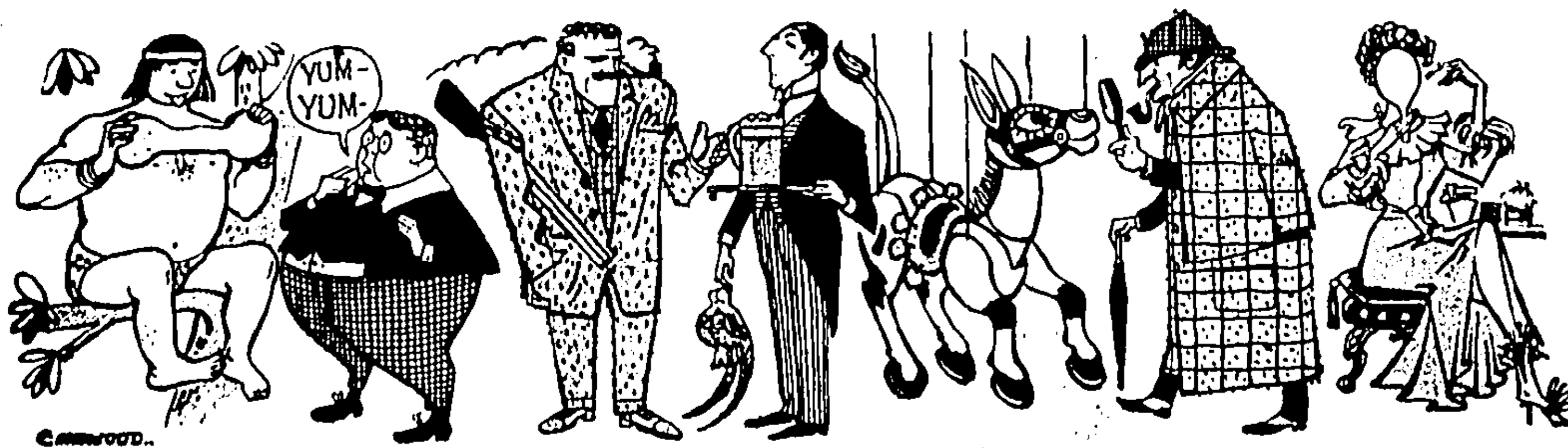
Bulldog  
Drummond

Jeeves

Muffin  
the Mule

Sherlock  
Holmes

But  
?



## It Seems Women Are Absent!

By C. NICHOLAS PHIPPS

IN a nursing-home in Kent A. A. Milne lies severely ill. The name flicks on a switch of automatic recognition—A. A. Milne and Winnie-the-Pooh. They link together as closely as Swan and Edgar, Negretti and Zambra, Gilbert and Sullivan. This is the test of a magic name. You utter it—and instantly, without a further word of explanation, everyone knows who and what you mean.

It is like a select little club; called Frankenstein's perhaps, for some of these characters are monsters that overshadow and perhaps overwhelm their creators.

That has never happened to A. A. Milne. For vigorously he has pursued many other interests outside his most famous invention—a teddy-bear.

But his illness today must bring to mind the fascinating question of what makes a magic name—and are the modern tricks

of publicity and propaganda transforming the whole process of developing them?

I will tell you a story.

The scene is set in the spacious days before the first world war. In 1904 Sir James Barrie had completed his play, "Peter Pan." Only Barrie had faith in his play. Beerbohm Tree, the famous actor-manager, thought Barrie was crazy. Charles Frohman, the American impresario, urged postponement.

### THE STORY

After a shaky opening, Barrie's confidence was justified. The play ran for months at the Duke of York's Theatre.

Then a few years later a curious thing happened. Suddenly, in Kensington Gardens, a bronze statue of Peter Pan appeared.

How had it been placed there? There had been no

unveiling ceremony. Few people seemed to know anything about it.

Questions were asked in Parliament.

Then the story came out. Barrie, that apparently shy and unworldly figure, had thought of putting the statue there. He had commissioned the well-known sculptor Sir George Frampton to do the job. And he had arranged privately with the First Commissioner of Works for the statue to be erected.

On the night of April 30, 1912, the statue was put up in secret. As Barrie said, he did it at night so that children next morning would believe in fairies.

And, of course, Barrie footed the bill.

Although MP's might shake their heads, and the nursemaids in Kensington Gardens were slightly ruffled by the change in the

familiar scenery, authority allowed the statue to remain, and it is there until this day.

There are two postscripts to that story.

The incident did not prevent Barrie being awarded a baronetcy in 1913.

And when Frohman went down with the Titanic that year he quoted Peter Pan's famous phrase, "To die will be an awfully big adventure."

### THE CARTOON

Peter Pan has not died. And my contention is that Barrie's astute publicity move was the magnificent forerunner of a new technique in launching what I have called the Magic Names.

No longer do these names mature slowly with the help of circulating libraries. The modern arts of publicity and huckstering, allied with television and the strip cartoon, bring the magic names of today much more quickly to the forefront.

Whether such spectacular successes as this technique achieves will last so long is another matter. Quick fame often means quick death.

Just as the slower a tree grows, the tougher is its timber, so the fame of the old-timers may endure after the TV heroes have sunk into oblivion.

### THE CHANGES

But I see some big changes are coming in the club. The old guard of "imperishables" are facing some heavy competition. For though Sherlock Holmes in a hansom cab still picks his prim Victorian way in front of many tough guys with speedy roadsters, dolls, gals, and wisecracks, some of his companions are falling back.

Bulldog Drummond is fading fast. Supertaxed out of immortality, perhaps, like the rest of his stiff-upper-lipped class. And it looks as if Jeeves may follow him. He may not long survive the virtual disappearance of the gentleman's gentleman from the gentleman's home. Faithful to the last, he seems to

be leaving with his employers. Billy Bunter and Tarzan of the Apes also seem less famous than they were.

The new names that come forward stem mainly from the strips. From America we hear of Superman, Dick Tracy, of Li'l Abner. In England a new group of characters is being developed to challenge their Transatlantic cousin. The names of Rupert and the Gambols rank high among them.

And of course the TV screen has built up Muffin the Mule to outlive even the three loquacious ladies, Lady Barnett, Lady Decker, and Lady Boyle.

Yet curiously enough there are no women among the Magic Names. Men, yes. Children, yes. Animals, yes.

But the nearest woman to it is Mrs. Mopp. And she is less a person than a symbol.

You see headlines like "Mrs. Mopp's Strike," meaning, say, the women who clean out the Foreign Office. Just as Colonel Blimp in his great Evening Standard days was not a specific military man but the embodiment of prejudices not generally shared.

Of course, there is Mrs. Dale. But when we talk about Mrs. Dale we really mean the whole horrible octopus of a family.

It is Mrs. Dale's and not Doctor Dale's Diary for administrative convenience, not through force of character.

### THE REASON

The reason to me is plain. You must identify yourself with these modern myths to fall under their glamour, and women know that's silly.

Women know that: day-dreaming gets you nowhere. That's why Newton, and not Mrs. Newton discovered gravity.

That's why Columbus and not Mrs. Columbus discovered America.

That's why Shakespeare and not Mrs. Shakespeare wrote King Lear.

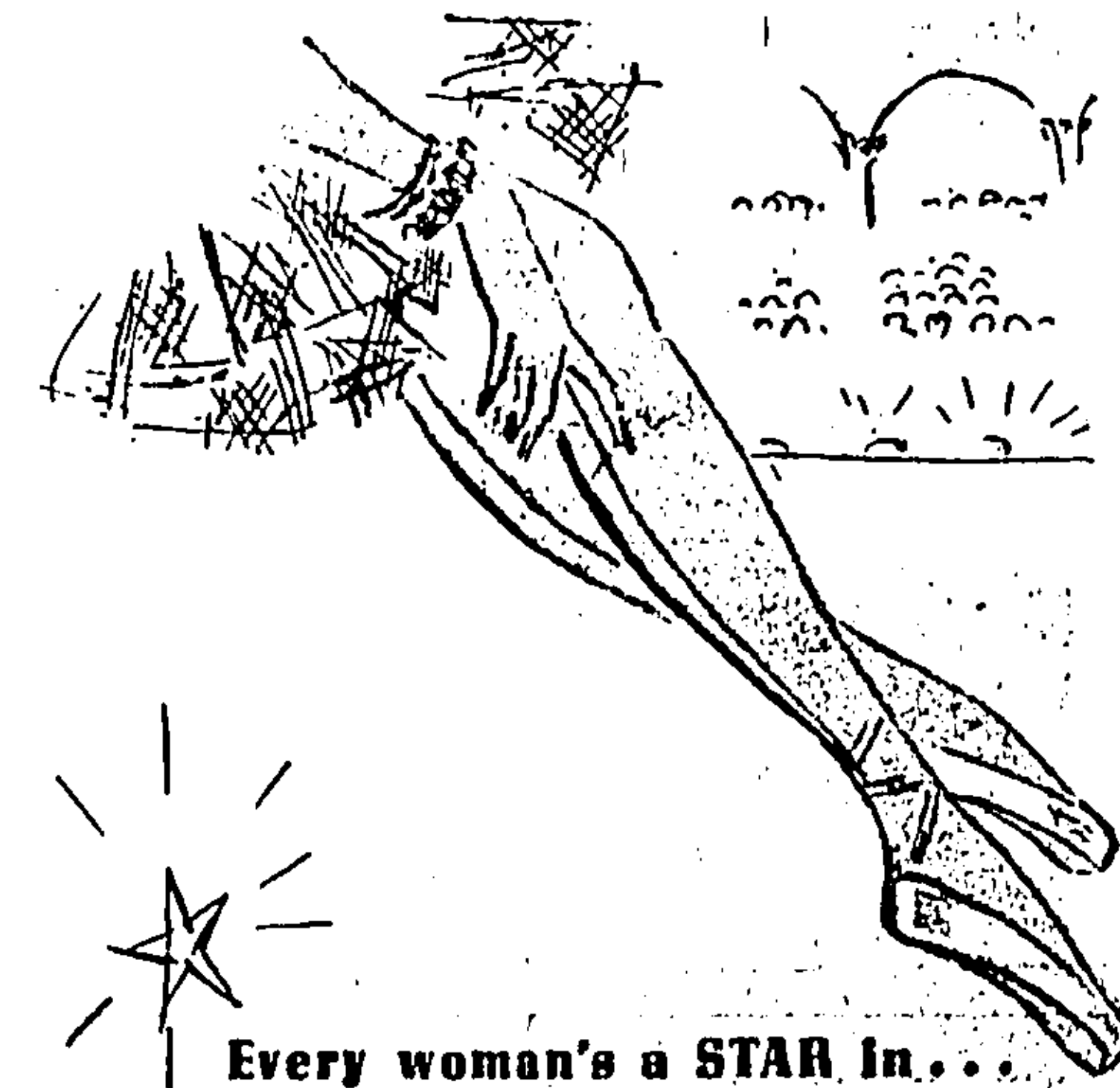
In short it's because women never do the really first-rate things.

—(London Express Service)



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## PICTORIAL STAMPS NEXT?

By J. W. TAYLOR

ONCE again the question of pictorial stamps for ordinary use through the post has been raised in Parliament. The reply of Postmaster-General Earl de la Warr in the Lords recently as to whether he would consider the issue of small British pictorial stamps of low value bearing the monarch's head and the name of the country was much more favourable than heretofore for stamp collectors the world over who have been watching this aspect of philately very closely.

The Earl said that the current series of stamps of the new reign had been well received and whilst this perhaps was not the best moment to consider basic changes in the content, the question's views would be carefully noted and

considered when it was decided to replace them by stamps of a different design. Thus are philatelists keeping their fingers crossed over an intriguing possibility.

Previous unqualified refusals of pictorial stamps have been based on several grounds. First was to beat forgers. A portrait of Queen Victoria was chosen for the first postage stamp—the famous penny black—when penny postage was introduced in 1840. It was felt that forgers would be less able to reproduce accurately such a portrait than a pictorial design.

And since no other country had ever issued postage stamps at that time, it was deemed unnecessary to print the name of the country on the penny black, thus establishing the dual tradition in Britain that only the portrait of the reigning monarch should appear in the design.

The Colonies and Dominions have in the main observed this, except that the names of the country are included on their stamps.

Again, the issue of large-size pictorial stamps would entail expensive alterations to existing automatic stamp-selling machines and would create difficulties where spaces are reserved, as on postal orders and receipts, for the small size stamps.

Another snag is that the great number of postage stamps issued in Britain makes engraving the method used for most colonial stamps, too expensive for ordinary use. The present photo-gravure process does not lend itself to the production of the delicate tones which would be necessary to make a success of small-size pictorial stamps.

Almost all the colonial stamps of the new reign are pictorial in design, whilst still showing portraits of the Queen. It is possible that it was this type of stamp, the only British example of which was the George VI five shilling one with its view of the white cliffs of Dover, that the Postmaster-General's questioner in the Lords had in mind.





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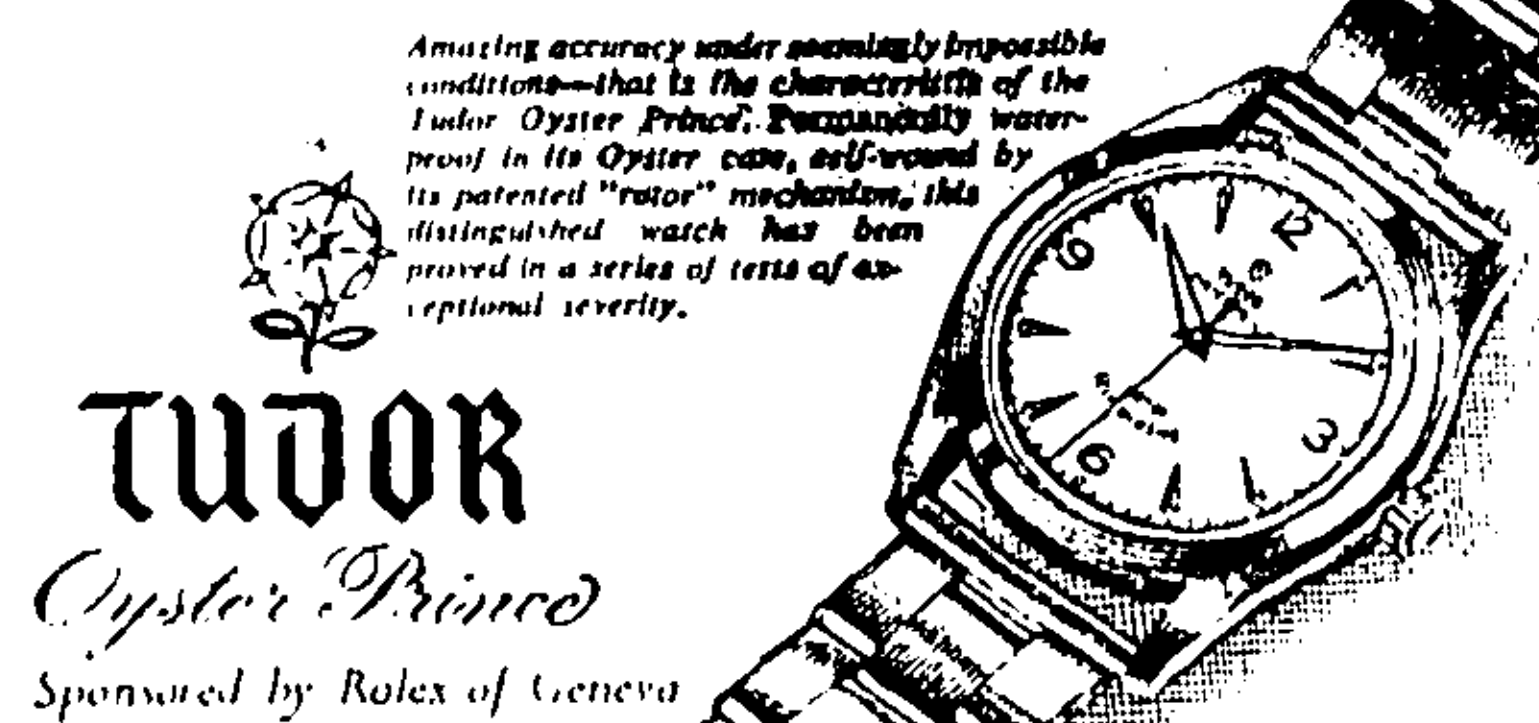
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beyond  
belief

For a self-winding watch to remain uncashed after a month on the wrist of a riveter operating a pneumatic hammer is unparalleled. Such a feat has just been passed with honours by a Tudor Oyster Prince—the new self-winding watch, sponsored by Rolex of Geneva.

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## The exploits of SHERLOCK HOLMES: a NEW story starts today

by **Adrian Conan Doyle**  
and **John Dickson Carr**

"MR. HOLMES, it was death by the visitation of God!"

We have heard many singular statements in our rooms at Baker Street, but few more startling than this pronouncement of the Rev. Mr. James Appley.

I need no reference to my notebook to recall that it was a summer day in the year 1887. A telegram had arrived at the breakfast table. Mr. Sherlock Holmes, with an exclamation of impatience, threw it across to me. The telegram stated merely that the Rev. James Appley requested the favour of waiting upon him that morning, to consult him in a matter of Church affairs.

"Really, Watson," Holmes had commented with some asperity, as he lit his after-breakfast pipe, "matters have indeed come to a pretty pass when clergymen seek my advice as to the length of their sermons or the conduct of the Harvest Festival. I am flattered but out of my depth. What does Crockford say of this strange client?"

Endeavouring to anticipate my friend's methods, I had already taken down the clerical directory. I could find only that the gentleman in question was the vicar of a small parish in Somerset, and had written a monograph on Byzantine medicine.

"An unusual pursuit for a country clergyman," Holmes remarked. "But here, unless I am much mistaken, is the man himself."

As he spoke, there had arisen from below an excited peeping of the door-bell, and before Mrs. Hudson could announce him our visitor had burst into the room. He was a tall, thin, high-shouldered man in rustic clerical dress with a benevolent scholarly face framed in antiquated side-whiskers of the sort once known as Dunderberg weepers.

"My dear Sirs," he cried, peering at us myopically from behind oval spectacles, "pray accept my assurance that it is only the pressure of events that prompts my invasion of your privacy."

"Come, come," said Sherlock Holmes good-humouredly, waving him to the basket-chair before the empty fireplace. "I

am a consulting detective, and therefore my privacy is of no more consequence than that of a doctor."

The clergyman had hardly seated himself when he blurted out the extraordinary words with which I have begun this narrative.

"Death by the visitation of God," repeated Sherlock Holmes. Though his voice was subdued yet it seemed to me that there was a roll and thrill in the words. "Then, surely, my dear sir, the matter lies rather within your province than within mine?"

"I ask your pardon," said the Vicar hastily. "My words were perhaps over-enthusiastic and even irreverent. But you will understand that this horrible event, this—"

"—his voice sank almost to a whisper as he leaned forward in his chair. "Mr. Holmes, it is villainy; cold-blooded, deliberate villainy!"

"Believe me, sir, I am all attention,"



"... a tall, thin man in clerical dress."

## The Adventure of the GOLD HUNTER

"Mr. John Trelawney—Squire Trelawney we called him—was the richest landowner for miles about. Four nights ago, when only three months short of his seventieth birthday, he died in his bed."

"Hm! That is not so uncommon."

"No, sir. But hear me!" cried the Vicar, raising a long forefinger curiously smudged on the very tip. "John Trelawney was a hale and hearty man, suffering from no organic disease, and good for at least a dozen more years in this mundane sphere. Dr. Paul Griffin, our local medical practitioner and incidentally my nephew, flatly refused to issue a death certificate. There was a most peculiar business called a post-mortem."

Holmes, who had not yet doffed his mouse-coloured dressing gown, had been leaning back languidly in his arm-chair. Now he half-opened his eyes.

"A post-mortem!" said he, "performed by your nephew?"

"No," Mr. Appley hesitated. "No, Mr. Holmes. It was performed by Sir Leopold Harper, our fore-

most living authority on medical jurisprudence. I may tell you here and now that poor Trelawney did not die a natural death. Not only the police but Scotland Yard have been called in."

"Ah!"

"On the other hand," continued Mr. Appley agitatedly, "Trelawney was not murdered, and he could not possibly have been murdered. The greatest medical skill has been used to pronounce that he could not have died from any cause whatsoever."

"For a moment there was a silence in our sitting-room, where the blinds had been half drawn against the summer sun."

"My dear Watson," said Holmes cordially, "will you be good enough to fetch me a clay pipe from the rack over the sofa? Thank you. I find, Mr. Appley, that a clay is most conducive to meditation. Come, where is the coal-scuttle? May I venture to offer you a cigar?"

"Crusign's," said the Vicar, rum-

pling his curiously mottled fingers over his side-whiskers.

"At the moment, thank you, no. I cannot smoke. I dare not smoke! It would choke me. I am aware that I must tell you the facts in precise detail. But it is difficult. You may have remarked that I am considered somewhat absent-minded?"

"Indeed."

"Yes, sir. In youth, before my call to the Church, I once desired to study medicine. But my late father forbade it, due to this absent-mindedness. Were I to become a doctor, said my father, I should instantly move his gallstones when he had merely come to inquire about a slight cough."

"Well, well," said Holmes with a touch of impatience. "But you were disturbed in your mind this morning, he continued, regarding our client with his keen glance. "That, no doubt, was why you consulted several books in your study before catching the train to London this morning?"

"Yes, sir. They were medical works."

"Do you not find it inconvenient to have the book-shelves in your study bulge so high?"

"Dear me, no. Can any room be too high or too large for one's books?"

Abruptly the Vicar paused. His long face, framed in the Dunderberg weepers, grew even longer as his mouth fell open.

"Now I am positive, I am quite positive," said he, "that I mentioned neither my books nor the height of the shelves in my study. How could you have known these things?"

"Tut, a trifle! How do I know, for instance, that you are either a bachelor or a widower, and that you have a most slovenly housekeeper?"

"Really, Holmes," cried I, "there is another besides Mr.

Appley who would like to know how you deduced it!"

"The dust, Watson! The dust!"

"What dust?"

"Kindly observe the index finger of Mr. Appley's right hand. You will notice on it a very tiny smudge of that dark-grey dust which accumulates on the top of books. The smudge, somewhat faded, were made no later than this morning. Since Mr. Appley is a tall man with long arms, surely it is obvious that he plucked down books from a high shelf. When to this accumulation of dust we add an unbrushed top-hat, it requires small shrewdness to determine that he has no wife, but an appalling house-keeper."

"Remarkable!" said I.

"Remarkable!" said he. "And I apologise to our guest for interrupting his narrative."

"This death was incomprehensible beyond all measure. But you have not yet heard the worst," continued our visitor. "I

"Am I to understand," interposed Holmes, "that the young lady's future welfare depends on the inheritance of this money?"

"Far from it. Her niece, Mr. Ainsworth is a rising young solicitor who is already making his way in the world. Trelawney himself was among his clients."

"It seemed to detect a certain apprehension when you mentioned your nephew," said Holmes. "Since Dr. Griffin inherits this fortune, he was presumably on friendly terms with Trelawney?"

The Vicar shifted uncomfortably in his chair. "On the friendliest possible terms," he replied with some haste. "Indeed, on one occasion he saved the squire's life. At the same time, I must confess that he has always been a wild, hot-headed man. His intemperate behaviour has gone a long way towards creating the strong local prejudice which has now risen against him. If the police could show how Trelawney died, my nephew might be under arrest at this moment."

The Vicar paused and looked round. There had come an authoritative rap at the door. An instant later, as it was flung open, we had a glimpse of Mrs. Hudson's face over the shoulder of a short, thin, rat-faced man, clad in a check suit and bowler hat. As his hard blue eyes fell on the Rev. Mr. Appley, he paused on the threshold with a growl of surprise.

"You have a certain gift, Lestrade, of timing your appearances with a pleasant touch of the dramatic," observed Holmes languidly.

"And very awkward for some folk," remarked the detective, depositing his hat beside the gasogene. "Well, from the presence of this reverend gentleman I take it that you are up to date with this cozy little murder in Somerset. The fact is pretty obvious and all points one way or clear as signposts, eh, Mr. Holmes?"

"Unfortunately, signposts are so easily turned in the opposite direction," said Holmes, "a truism of which I have given you one or two small demonstrations in the past, Lestrade."

The Scotland Yard man flushed angrily.

"Well, well, Mr. Holmes, that's as may be. But there is no doubt this time. There are both the motive and the opportunity. We know the man, and it only remains to find the means."

"I tell you that my unfortunate nephew—"

"I have named no names," said Holmes. "But you have made it obvious from the moment you heard he was Trelawney's doctor! Admittedly he stands to benefit under that deplorable will."

"You have forgotten to mention his personal reputation, Mr. Appley," said Lestrade grimly.

"Wild, yes, romantic, hot-headed if you like. But a cold-blooded murderer—never! I have known him from his cradle."

"Well, we shall see. Mr. Holmes, I would value a word with you."

During this interchange between our unhappy client and Lestrade, Holmes had been staring at the ceiling with that far-away dreamy look upon his face which I had noted on so many occasions when his mind wandered to some subtle thread of evidence was already there to hand, but buried as yet in the maze of obvious facts and no less obvious suspicions. He rose abruptly and turned to the Vicar.

"I take it that you return to Somerset this afternoon?"

"By the 2.30 from Paddington. There was a tinge of colour in his face as he leapt to his feet. "Am I then to understand, my dear Mr. Holmes—?"

"Doctor Watson and I will accompany you. If you will permit the kindness to ask Mrs. Hudson to whistle a cab, Mr. Appley!"

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The Gold Hunter will be continued on Monday.

## HOW BAD IS YOUR WRITING?

With broad-nibbed pens for lances, a fervent army is fighting to bring the past into the future

by  
**HUGH CLELAND**

At Eton College Mr. Wilfred Blunt, senior drawing master, has launched his annual drive to make 1,100 Etonians handwriting conscious.

For the rest of the Lent Half he will be busy trying to wean them from the copperplate or looped round-hand they probably learned in their earlier schooling and win them over to the pure, graceful and legible way of writing that he, with Shakespeare, calls "the sweet Roman hand."

Up and down Britain, with broad-nibbed pens for lances, a fervent army of teachers and laymen is doing battle in the same cause.

**1,300 queries**

The form of writing Mr. Blunt recommends is that of the Italian Renaissance. It reached Britain in the mid-seventeenth century (Queen Elizabeth I used it), when people used two forms of writing—the Italian for formal matters, a scrawling "secretary-hand" for more casual purposes. From the seventeenth century, handwriting declined in quality.

A few purists tried to improve matters from the 1890's onwards, but it is within the last two years that the business, as Mr. Blunt said, "has gone with a rush." When he gave three talks on handwriting in TV's Woman's Hour 1,800 viewers wrote wanting to know more.

He recommends boys, when they are learning, to use two "hands" as the first Elizabethans did, to change one bad letter in their normal style, each week, for the purer Italian hand.

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It is slow. "Obviously, when you first learn it."

At Eton, Mr. Blunt teaches boys the Italian style drawing their 40-minute weekly lesson. Not all senior boys take drawing. But Mr. Blunt finds that interest spreads among boys outside the drawing schools. It even spreads to parents and to members of the staff.

They complain because it is Italian ("All our writing is Roman in origin; why not go back to the purest form?")

It is affected. ("Anything new open to this class? Once it becomes the established pattern, the charge cannot be made.")

It does not show character. ("A great deal of what passes for character in handwriting is distortion, anyway.")

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form. Gradually, the Italian hand, slow at first, comes as fast as the other. A boy can transform his writing in six months, an adult in twelve.

"It's very useful as an outlet for creative talent, too," said Mr. Blunt. "You find boys incompetent in other ways, but covering they can do this better than other people, and that has a good effect on all their work."

In Eton's drawing schools, they use nibs slightly broader than reed, in an assortment of wooden holders. But fountain pens and ball-point pens can be used when you have learned to write well. "For it is the shape of the letters that matters," says Mr. Blunt, "and you can write the shapes properly with a stick in the sands."

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## Somewhat on the eccentric side

**DORIS** Day is the sort of girl who always wants to go on a vacation—and the minute she gets there wants to go home.

"It's the same thing at work," she admitted. "I can hardly wait for Sunday to come so that I can sleep late and loaf all day, but by noon I'm waiting for the day to end so that I can go back to work. Silly, isn't it?"

Admitting that such behaviour is somewhat on the eccentric side, Doris said it only proves that she is (a) a happy girl; and (b) a professional girl.

At present, she is spending her Sunday waiting for Monday to come so that she can go back to work.

tailor-made song-and-dance role in "Lucky Me," a CinemaScope musical comedy. Between scenes, she and her husband, Marty Melcher, pore over travel folders, mostly from Sun Valley, where they are thinking of going when the picture is finished.

"But I know what will happen," Marty sighed. "We'll get there on Monday and by Tuesday night Doris will be trawling about getting back to our home. It always happens."

Marty said that even when he and Doris went on their honeymoon three years ago, it was an unusual vacation. "Because we kept starting some place that came back home."

At present, she is spending her Sunday waiting for Monday to come so that she can go back to work.

Then we decided there was no place like Phoenix, but we never got beyond Palm Springs.

It's just that she likes her home life so much, Doris said, adding:

"And I keep thinking what I'm missing when I'm not there. So I wait to go home."

In other respects, too, Doris is a girl who is most comfortable in her usual surroundings.

Once several years ago, Warner sent her over to Paris to test for a role. "She said, 'I got so giddy on a strange lot that I wouldn't even leave my dressing room for lunch.'"

—CARMICHAEL, JONES



# Have You Lived Before? 'I Saw Queen Of Scots Executed'

INTEREST in the entire subject of reincarnation is far more widespread than is generally realised.

My postbag furnishes the evidence for that assertion.

Most of these letters have been genuine efforts by serious-minded, intelligent correspondents to place before me their own experiences and convictions.

It would be idle to deny that the subject does not attract its retinue of cranks. Thus I have received a quota of letters of that nature.

I expected to. What I did not expect was that the percentage of such letters would be so small.

There was, too, a small proportion of writers who thought they might try to pull off a hoax or two.

Like the two young men who sent me three separate letters over fictitious names from three separate addresses.

In one of these letters the writer told how he had been taken prisoner at Agincourt and beheaded.

In a second letter from this leg-pulling source the writer described a recurring dream "where I seemed to be a large vegetable on the banks of some tropical river."

In the third effort the writer claimed to have been a Roman who provided the accompaniment to Nero's crazy music while Rome burned.

Well, those attempts to bring off a hoax were, of course, scotched, the necessary investigation soon establishing them for what they were.

## 'Air Ice-Cold'

ONE hot Sunday afternoon in June 1937 a fresh-complexioned woman in her early fifties, whom I will call Mrs B., leaned on the gate of Northamptonshire field and eyed with keen interest a number of grassy mounds in its midst.

Those mounds are all that now remain of one of England's most famous castles, Fotheringay. The place where, more than four centuries ago, they kept Mary Queen of Scots a prisoner until that February morning when she perished at the hands of the headsman.

Mrs B. had come a fair way to see this spot. She had prevailed on her son to bring her here in his car from her home in Essex.

She had left her son in the car and walked alone to the gate on which she now leaned. And on that warm June afternoon she experienced something which is still vivid in her memory.

"As I looked at those mounds," she told me recently, "I suddenly found the air ice-cold, so cold that I was shivering."

"And then, instead of the mounds I saw the dark walls of the castle as it had been hundreds of years ago."

"Spellbound, I watched the lowering of a draw-bridge. Then, from inside the dark walls, emerged a procession."

## 'Saw Axe Fall'

"AT the head was a group of monks, in black and cowed. Then came a farm cart drawn by a great chestnut horse. This cart was carrying a coffin draped in black, and at each side walked, in slow step, men at

By  
**PARRY MILLER**

arms with lowered heads. Behind were more monks.

"The procession moved slowly, and straight towards me. And with each yard of its progress I became more terrified."

"Then as the crude hearse drew level and passed me, there was another vision or mind picture or whatever it can be called."

"This was the actual execution of the queen. It was very clear and real. I saw the proud figure of the queen, saw the axe rise and fall."

"Close by the block stood a group of women weeping bitterly. Somehow I knew I was one of them, though I did not actually recognise my features. Knew that I was there as either a lady-in-waiting or a personal maid of that tragic queen."

"The vision faded, and I found myself staring once more at a field of mounds and shaking with cold fear."

"I turned on my heels and fled back to where my son was waiting in the car. I was, he told me afterwards, ashen white and trembling."

Before that day Mrs B. had always felt that in some way she had been linked with the life and death of Mary. This experience made clear to her what that link had been.

It also clinched beyond all question her belief in the actuality of reincarnation.

## 'Out Walking...'

THE conviction that one has lived before can, and often does, come to a man or woman in a flash, without the possibility having been given any previous thought at all.

And the results can be both far-reaching and quite unexpected.

I am, for instance, reminded of the case of a single woman in her thirties who lives with her parents in a Kent town and who served throughout the war with one of the women's services. I will call her Miss E.

The experience that brought her to a belief in reincarnation occurred some 18 years ago, when she, with her family, was living in Middlesex.

"It was one summer's day when I was out for a walk with my dog," she told me. "At that time I had no interest whatever in reincarnation. I did not, in fact, even know the meaning of the word."

"So there was I, on this afternoon, walking happily along, thinking of nothing in particular and with no troubles at all on my mind."

"I wasn't taking any notice of the cars that passed on the road or of other walkers who passed me."

"But presently, as I was moving happily along a country lane, I became aware that a larger car was coming slowly towards me."

## 'Our Eyes Met'

"It was not so much the car as its driver that caught and held my attention, however. She was a woman of about 40, and as we drew abreast I could see she was tall, had deep-set eyes and a dark brown complexion. She looked as though she must have spent a considerable time in some Eastern country."

"She was alone in his car she was driving. As we passed our eyes met. In hers were reflected volumes of thought, intense suffering and the possession of unusual knowledge."

According to the bulk of the wearer.

For chaps of more modest means, however, there is the "weskit," a briefer version of the ordinary waistcoat, and there are vivid creations in which the wearer may be observed a long way off in a mixture of red, yellow, blue, green and maroon.

Who buys these weird creations? Says a shop manager: "You'd be surprised. One man I know, 'normally' a soberly dressed professional man, bought

"And in that moment I became in a flash aware of a past existence and knew I had met this tall, dark-skinned woman in a previous incarnation in some Egyptian era."

"I went on with my walk. But I was not the same girl. A word I had not known was now hammering away in my head."

## Subtle Way

"It was the word reincarnation. When I got back home I went straightway up to my room and turned the word up in a dictionary, and found out its meaning."

"In some subtle way my values of life and thought completely changed from that day. I saw that dark-skinned woman again. From inquiries I found she was living in a large house in the locality."

"I went out there one day and watched her as she walked in her garden. But I did not speak to her. There seemed to be no necessity."

"In fact I never spoke to her - by word of mouth that is - although I saw her perhaps half a dozen times, driving or walking, before, presently, she left the district."

"But on those occasions it seemed that our thoughts were exchanged—something far more vivid and penetrating than the spoken or written word."

"After she left the district I made no move of any kind to get into touch with her, and have never seen or heard of her again."

"But that chance encounter in a Middlesex country lane most certainly changed my whole life."

"It brought to me not merely a belief in reincarnation, but a faith and ideals I had not up to then even dreamed about."

## 'In Terror'

NOW let me quote an experience that came to a famous woman novelist some years ago.

"I don't believe in reincarnation," she told me bluntly the other day. But she went on to describe something queer that happened to her during a visit to Rome in 1920, something that has been puzzling her ever since.

"I was travelling through to Malta," she said, "and got to Rome at six in the morning."

"It was a sunny April day, and I decided to see a little of Rome before travelling on."

"So I wandered around, and presently came to the Forum. I was feeling extremely happy without a care in the world."

"Then I turned a corner, and I found myself asking mentally, 'Now where have I seen this place before?'"

"It was the Colosseum and the question was odd because I had up to this moment not known the Colosseum lay here, just beyond the Forum."

"I decided to go and look at the place. Then one of the guides showed me where the arena had been, the arena where lions had mangled their victims."

"My feeling of happiness had vanished. I was dreadfully physically sick, and in terror I ran as fast as I could to escape from that spot."

"Nothing would induce me to go inside that place again. Nothing would induce me even to see a film depicting the scenes that took place there."

"I have no theory to explain this version. As I say, I do not believe in reincarnation."

"All I know is that what I have told you really happened and that the aversion, if that word be strong enough, is still there."

# WHEN THE CIRCUS FOLDS UP

London.

LIKE nomads, the tumbler, trapeze men and tamers have folded their tents and gone.

Circuses are over until the spring when they take to the road.

As the first of circus folk to appear, so are the clowns the last to be seen.

Their final gesture to the world is almost surrealistic for they collect annually about this time in a graveyard—at St James' Church Pentonville.

## All There

They have come to pay respects at the tomb of Mr Joseph Grimaldi, the father of clowns.

On the grave of him who charmed and delighted Drury Lane and Sadler's Wells over a century ago, the fat men, the thin ones

and the midgets, now sombre in dark suits, lay their wreath.

They are all there, Coco, Butch Reynolds, Percy Huxter and the rest, representing the 120 or so clowns in Europe.

They do not all style themselves "clown." There is a variety of funny men, each with a different history, and the real circus clown is the white-faced joker with the cone hat, big-buttoned jacket and baggy pantaloons.

He was originated by Joseph Grimaldi. Hence the clown is often called the "joey" after him. But even Grimaldi drew inspiration from another type of entertainment—the harlequinade.

This is the pierrot and harlequin show made popular at the seaside. Originally

it was a much more sophisticated affair, played in the courtyards of Italian nobles, and Harlequin is a symbol of much more than fun.

## A Symbolism

In fact, all clowning is based on a symbolism of human nature. In the Middle Ages, clowns were the "fools"—rather cruel caricatures of the idiot and the hunchback who entertained the aristocracy. Out of the hunchback came Punch. The lower classes were satisfied with bear baiting. Funny men and performing animals thus contributed to modern circus.

In more modern times, the harsh humour of the Middle Ages gave way to the "auguste" type of clown. There was still the amuse-

ment of watching a fool, but the humour was more kind.

The "auguste" began when the famous fun-maker, Tom Belling, entered the ring and fell flat on his face. The crowd roared shouting "auguste" (fool!). Next night Tom painted his nose red and wore baggy trousers, and this time tripped deliberately. The crowd were helpless with laughter, and the "auguste" remained a popular favourite.

Still another type of clown, even more subtle than the rest, is the "charley." He is, of course, the descendant of Charley Chaplin—the forlorn little tramp, slightly sad and often ridiculous, but still retaining essential human dignity.

The sadness of Chaplin reflects a curious fact about

most clowns. They are renowned for their seriousness when not clowning, and are often depressing company.

## Clannish Lot

But few strangers find this out, as clowns are a clannish lot. They have their own Clowns Club, their own paper and chaplain.

Like all circus people, their talk is flavoured with Romany words, such as jari. Tober is the circus chaves, dangari and man-ground, and omle is the owner; hence toberomle is the circus ground owner to the circus folk.

Circus people have a distant past going back to the tumblers and jugglers who entertained savage princes even before the early days of Egypt and China.

In their isolation from the world, their long history means a lot to them.

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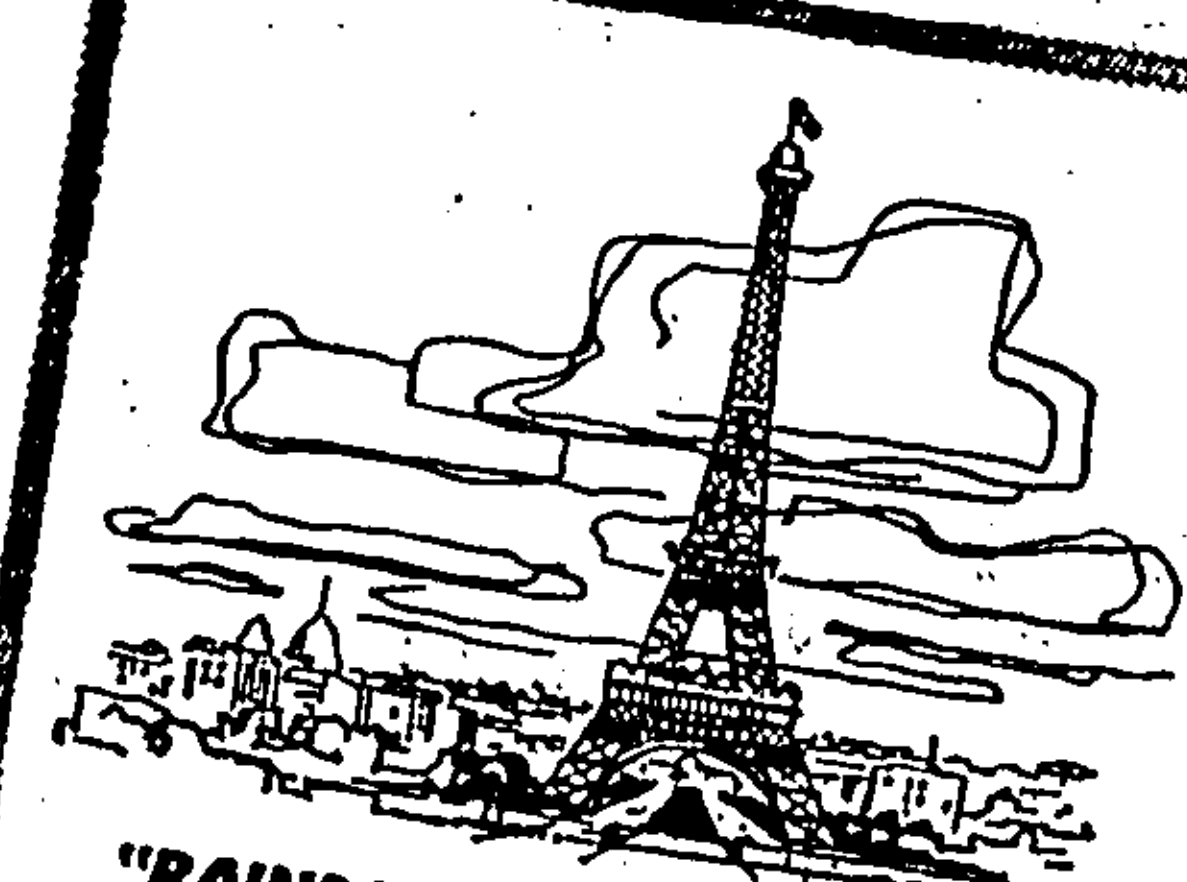
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# YOUR MINK, SIR!

By J. W. TAYLOR

I SAY, chaps, have you seen the latest in men's waistcoats. Up in Birmingham they are really putting a bold front on men—and in MINK, too!

The nattiest piece of furry masculine elegance has just gone into the Bull Street shop windows. It's sufficient to make the girl friend go green with envy—all real mink and pearl buttons.

Mind you, there hasn't exactly been a rush for them yet. Maybe it's because they are so frightfully expensive. If you are the slim type, then this men's mink is yours for a mere £150. They do, of course, come a bit dearer for heavier bods, the price advancing in £20's

according to the bulk of the wearer.

For chaps of more modest means, however, there is the "weskit," a briefer version of the ordinary waistcoat, and there are vivid creations in which the wearer may be observed a long way off in a mixture of red, yellow, blue, green and maroon.

Who buys these weird creations? Says a shop manager: "You'd be surprised. One man I know, 'normally' a soberly dressed professional man, bought

a very vivid one and said he'd wear it at his club that night in the hope that it would shake the members. It did—I heard he'd been asked to resign. Then there was another man who was awfully keen on these weskits. He bought one, but I've never seen him wearing it. Perhaps I should believe him when he told me that his wife threatened to leave if he ever wore it."

The manager added: "Of course, it really depends who you are. Not every man can wear this sort of thing and get away with it. But if he is the right type, then he really looks dressed. See how smart Terry Thomas looks in a fancy coat. He's done a lot for the fancy waistcoat trade. But as for some of the designs—well, I don't think even Terry Thomas would wear them. But if you're the right type, it's a cluck."



THE CHAPMAN PINCHER COLUMN STARTS WITH A TEASER  
FOR EVERY PARENT—AND EVERY SCHOOLCHILD

## GOOD...but teachers all get different answers

HOW good is "Good" on a youngster's school report? How bad is "Bad"? And what do teachers really mean by terms like "Very good," "Rather good," "Fairly good," and "Average"?

For the first time a representative group of school-teachers has been asked to explain the exact meaning of their comments.

The results show that there is much variation in the meaning of the terms. In the same school about the meaning of the terms they use every day in marking school reports.

Nearly 100 men and women teachers from primary schools, secondary modern schools, and primary schools were quizzed by Mr David Sheppard, a psychologist at Reading University.

First, each drew a vertical line, even inches long, labelling the top "Extremely good," and the bottom "Extremely bad."

Then they were asked to locate on the line the relative positions of the seven ratings: "Very good," "Good," "Fairly good," "Average," "Fairly bad," "Bad," and "Very bad."

### The results

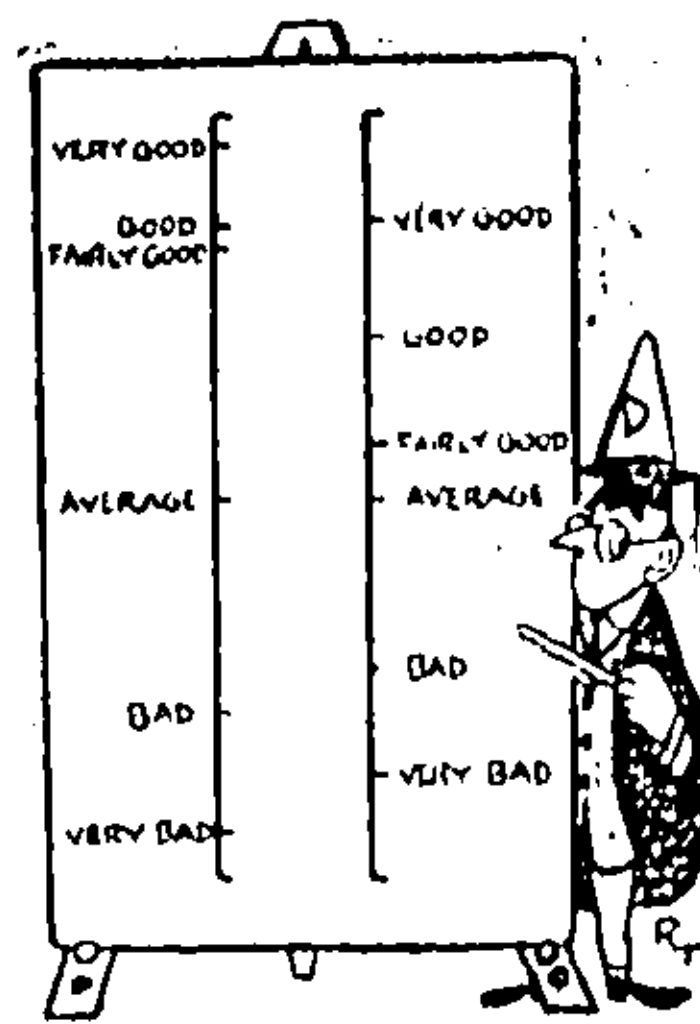
The chart shows typical results from two teachers in the same school. A child would be far less likely to get a good rating from teacher No. 1 than from No. 2. Yet he would also be less likely to get a bad one.

Further tests showed that there is no more agreement about the precise meaning of the terms among teachers who use them continually than there is among people of other professions who use them only casually.

So you and your children can take comfort in the fact that their school reports may not really be so bad as they sound, but they may not be so good either.

Mr Sheppard also asked people to explain what they understood by such terms as "Very fair," "Very good," and "Very long." Again there was little agreement even among people of similar intelligence, education, and social standing.

Answers to the question: "If you were waiting for a bus, what sort of time would you describe as being 'Very long'?" varied from 15 minutes to three hours.



Two teachers from the same school were tested. See how one's idea of "Good" is higher up the scale than the other's.

How much would a single man have to earn a week for you to describe him as "Very rich"? brought replies varying from £10 to £20,000!

### AN 'OFF' DAY

★ **THOSE DAYS** when everything goes wrong are due to human weakness, not to ill-luck or unkind fate, it seems from experiments carried out at London's University College.

Dr Leonard Jones asked 144 people to solve a puzzle, assuring them that they should be able to master it in two minutes. Actually it could not possibly be solved.

All the people became so frustrated with their failure that they began to behave stupidly.

When set a really easy puzzle a short time afterwards, they either took an abnormally long time or could not do it at all.

So after one annoying setback early in the morning, we are less likely to cope intelligently with the rest of the day's difficulties.

### KEEPING WARM

★ **IF YOU** cannot keep warm at night, try sleeping in a kneeling position with your hands palm upwards on the pillow and your face resting on your hands.

That advice comes from Prince Peter of Greece and Denmark, 45-year-old cousin of the Duke of Edinburgh.

While leading an expedition to Central Asia, Prince Peter noticed that Tibetan porters slept that way round the fire on cold nights.

When asked why they adopted such a position they said that it kept them warmer.

Doctors have since told Prince Peter that the heart works faster when the body is in a kneeling position than it does when the body is lying down. Better circulation means more warmth.

### LIFE-SAVER

★ **THE LIFE** of a "blue baby" boy, whose heart was in such a weak state that he could not have withstood the shock of a normal operation, has been saved by a refrigerator.

A team of London refrigerating engineers designed a machine so that the boy's blood could be cooled down to 77deg. from the normal temperature of 98deg. while the operation was taking place.

Doctors knew that this cooling should reduce the shock.

At tube connected to the main artery in the boy's right leg fed his blood through a glass coil immersed in refrigerated brine and back to the leg again.

The operation, carried out at Guy's Hospital by Mr Russell Brock, was a complete success.

### POCKET CARTOON

by OSBERT LANCASTER



"If you ask me, things are made far too easy for the younger generation—why, in my Oxford days one had to do a lot more than just get sent down before seeing one's picture in the papers."

# In Milwaukee It's Three Cheers For Joe McCarthy—Here's Why

By JOHN McKENNA

IN Milwaukee they cheer Joe McCarthy. He is as much part of the local scene as Blatz, Schlitz and Pabst—the brewers who made Milwaukee famous. He fits snugly into the local scheme of things as the fat dairy cows in the Wisconsin pastures.

Joe is the junior Senator and the senior hero in this state.

But don't get the idea that Milwaukee's citizens are a hysterical, wild-eyed bunch of witch-hunting fanatics.

They're not. Taken one by one—preferably out in the beautifully-manicured bungalow-lined suburbs on the fringes of the city—they're as hospitable, generous and pleasant a bunch of people as you're likely to meet anywhere.

Don't get the idea that they love Joe, either.

They don't love the tough harsh-voiced traffic cops who hand out speeding tickets.

But they know they're necessary—and they think Joe in the same way.

### Sits On Them

SOME of them even predict a bad end for Joe.

But they figure he sits on the Reds—fast and hard. And, if there's anything they don't like, it's a Red.

These people are doing well. Recession or no recession, Milwaukee is not the sort of place which looks

as though anybody went hungry.

Only one thing could seriously upset their comfortable life with its two-cars-in-every-garage and a fur coat-in-the-wardrobe kind of prosperity. That thing is war.

And they see little chance that "them Russians" will start shooting unless the United States is weak inside. Reds, they think, are hell-bent on wrecking their country, corrupting their government, and leaving them weak and gasping for the Soviets to march over.

Very few of them know that there are only 54,000 members of the Communist Party in the United States and that the F.B.I. has a

big, thick file on every one of them.

Very few of them see that anybody who hired an obvious "Red" or "Red-sympathiser" for espionage duties would be about as smart as a burglar who chalked his phone number on the job.

### In A Panic

IT isn't the 54,000 Communists who got them scared.

They got scared because they saw America losing round after round in the cold war. Czechoslovakia, China, Indo-China, Korea came—shocked them into a state of panic.

These people are not used to the day-to-day ups and

downs of global politics. They are deeply isolationist at heart. Their fathers or their grandfathers came here to get away from the European fuss.

They saw America as a safe retreat—an impenetrable fortress where they could get down to the business of growing rich and enjoying life. This generation resents any intrusion.

There have been intrusions and they feel frustrated. They want to blame somebody.

Joseph Raymond McCarthy provides them with somebody to blame.

He is affable and gentle to his friends; rough and tough with the people his friends regard as enemies.

Nobody in Wisconsin thinks of him as a sportsman.

But they don't want the rules for snake-fighting laid down by the Baseball Commission.

### Kremlin Ally

IF McCarthy is a rat, the reason it is because he's fighting dirty rats.

And this is why President Eisenhower is having a devil of a time putting Joe in his place.

Out on the liberal Eastern Seaboard the citizens want Joe's head. They see him as a greater threat to American liberty than Georgi Malenkov ever dreamed of being, and they know he is the Kremlin's biggest ally in the fight to drive a wedge between America and her allies.

Here in the Mid-West, they don't see things that way at all.

Here, Eisenhower would find himself faced with a blaze of uproar if he moved against McCarthy.

So Eisenhower must bide his time.

The Republican high command thinks the tide is turning. In Milwaukee, it hasn't turned yet. But it looks as though it might soon.

They are decent people.

They will sit and take it if the cops shoot up the crooks; they will take it if the cops beat the crooks into confession.

But they start to get alarmed when the cops beat up their friends.

### In Trouble

THAT is why McCarthy is in trouble over his feud with the army.

There are lots of Wisconsin lads in the army. Too many got killed on the Pacific beach-heads, too many died in the Melanesian jungles. But a great many came back, and a great many more people still have sons and husbands in the force.

They think the American army is a pretty sound outfit. They hate it because it interrupts their lives; but they still think it's the best and bravest army in the world.

They are not inclined to believe that it's riddled with, or run by, Reds. They are not inclined, in fact, to believe that a Red would last long in the army.

Their friends are being hit.

And, if Joe keeps it up, he's likely to find that Milwaukee will vote for Stevenson's Democrat.

## CONCLUDING "ARE THE RUSSIANS FREEING CULTURE?"

# An Easing Off To Stiffen Up Their Propaganda

By DAVID LAIDLAW

THE object of the recent concessions made to the Soviet artist is to improve Communist propaganda. Ever since the death of Stalin it has been made increasingly clear that the presentation of Marxist-Leninist teaching had become too stylised and academic, and that, as a result, the people's interest had dwindled to apathy and indifference.

In an attempt to rectify this situation and, if possible, to recover some of the old dynamic, the Party leaders have turned their attention to the arts.

No more attractive medium exists for the dissemination of propaganda. Its effectiveness as such depends, however, on the measure of esteem and popularity it is able to command from the general public.

And Soviet art, as a whole, if one is to judge by the recent pronouncements of its most prominent exponents, has never been at a lower ebb. This is because the artist has been subjected to such rigid controls imposed by the Zhdanov decrees of 1948 that he has either been too scared or too proscribed to give rein to any genuine creative impulse.

### Stipulation

THE remedy for this condition is now being applied, albeit in strictly limited doses—enough, it is calculated, to restore the artist's confidence and, hence, his creative activity, but no more.

The requirements laid down for the artist by the Party, as a return for these concessions, follow the general lines first indicated by Malenkov in his report to the XIXth Congress. There stipulate that the writer is to "show the people of the new type in all the splendour of their human dignity and so to promote the inculcation in the members of our society of characteristics, customs and habits free from the ulcers of capitalism; to be bold in portraying vital contradictions and conflicts; not to forget that criticism is an effective means of education; to castigate vices, shortcomings and unhealthy phenomena in our society, to burn them out with the fire of satire; to celebrate

the beautiful and uproot the rotten; and always to write the truth, and only the truth, about our society."

All these conditions have, however, still to be fulfilled strictly within the context of the subject matter prescribed by the Party, for all the much publicised concessions amount to so far as a very modest relaxation of the controls governing the artist's actual choice of treatment.

Although the new Soviet "line" embraces all the arts, most attention is being paid to literature and the drama, these being the media best suited to the indoctrination of the masses. "Writers," said Stalin, "are the engineers of the soul," and their activities have always been a serious concern of the Party. It seems likely, therefore, that they will receive prior consideration.

### More Risky

THE difficulty is that the solution of their problems requires a far more risky undertaking than that of, say, the painter or the musician, to whom fairly substantial latitude could be granted without upsetting the ideological "apple cart" too noticeably.

This was clearly illustrated by the censorship of a recent play by Parfenov which, in strict accordance with Malenkov's "demand" that writers should "castigate vices shortcomings and unhealthy phenomena in our society," had as its subject the moral laxity of a certain national Party organisation. The fact that the writer's anger was directed solely at the notion that the promiscuity of some of its members should be permitted to play havoc with the good name of the Party did not exempt him from disapproval.

Clearly, Malenkov's definition of society in this context was not intended to include Party members. This is borne out by the distinction observed between Party and critics throughout the whole of the current phase.

Amidst, for instance, the "major disruptions, errors and confusions hindering its (the drama's) forward movement," no mention is made of Party obstruction. On the contrary: "At these difficult moments our Communist Party, friend and teacher, has always come to the help of dramatists. We are pro-

foundly grateful to the Party and the Government for their constant care, attention and assistance."

Zhdanov, it is true, comes in for criticism, but indirectly. He is rarely singled out for personal attack, yet even when he is, his decrees are somehow presented "in isolation" from the mainstream of Party policy.

It is an obvious deception, as is the distinction drawn between Party and critics who, in truth, are simply Party executives thinly disguised as disinterested custodians of the arts. But it clearly reveals the dilemma which besets the Soviet writer and which, in turn, will assail the authorities as soon as they begin seriously to loosen his fetters.

How can one subscribe wholly to the principles enunciated by the Party without criticising it by implication? Nothing could demonstrate more clearly than this the absurdity of attributing the definition "liberalisation" to the new Soviet policy towards the arts; or, for that matter, the unreality of ascribing to its instigators motives of "art for art's sake."

If the Party is prepared to forego some slight measure of the tutelage it has so far exercised over the artist, it is for a hard, practical reason. Not only has propaganda descended into a rut, but the arts, too. The Russian public has become listless, and so has the artist. They have tended to draw apart.

### New Blood

THEIR inter-dependence must be reasserted. New blood must be recruited into the arts and, as incentive, tears of victimisation for ideological errors at least partially allayed. Somehow or other "free play" must be granted to the artist to rekindle his pride and interest in his craft.

For, says a recent contributor to Bolshhevik, "it is time for us to understand that neglect of craftsmanship lowers not only the artistic but also the ideological level of a work." Here is the essential clue to the campaign.

It is not entirely without precedent. There is a readily discernible pattern of freedom and oppression in the life of the Soviet artist. In the early days

of civil war, intervention and famine, when the State was in most danger, the artist was most free. Little more was required of him than that he should be in favour of the regime, or, at least, not against it. But, after the destruction of political opposition within and beyond the Party, the Communist leaders, confident of their security, confiscated this freedom almost overnight. It was restored in some measure during the war years, only to be abolished once more by the Zhdanov decrees.

The present easing off of controls is dictated by a similar awareness of danger. It is not the sort of danger that threatened the State on previous occasions, but it is no less grave.

### Indifference

INDIFFERENCE to the central Party tenets is not a condition which can be tolerated, in whatever degree. The authorities have shown the right instinct by looking to the artist to implement their counter-measures. It only remains to be seen to what effect they can hoodwink him in the pursuit of their goal, which appears to be no less than a revival of the spirit of "revolutionary romanticism" which pervaded earlier stages of the Party's development.

Already the Moscow City Communist Party Committee, for one, is intensifying its labours to bring about, in the words of a Pravda leading article for January 1954, "a further improvement in the ideological-political education of the creative workers of the capital."

"The more attention Party committees pay to creative organisations," says the same leader, "the better will be the work of these organisations and the more lively and fruitful their work will become. Our Socialist culture is the living embodiment of the most advanced and noble ideas of the present day, the ideas of proletarian internationalism, of the inviolable friendship and fraternity of the peoples. It helps to war the workers in the spirit of Soviet patriotism. Concrete, well-thought out and practical help by Party committees to creative organisations and the artist members of the intelligentsia is an important part of ideological work."

So much, in a paragraph, for the vaunted dawn of Soviet cultural freedom!

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### JOHNNY HAZARD



...this situation calls for a

**San Miguel**



## WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

# SOS—a coat that FITS for a change!



Yes, easy to wear—but have they got the 'punch' of a fitted coat?

I've been standing on a balcony in London, peacefully watching the women go clapping by. Flip, flop, flap they went, their loose coats banging against their legs.

Out of every 26 women, 25 wore swinging coats—I counted. I loved loose coats. I love you too. You have all the comfy, homely virtues and only one vice.

**FIRST VIRTUE:** You slip over everything. You slide over a tweed suit as easily as over a cotton dress.

**SECOND VIRTUE:** You're so easy to buy. There are thousands and thousands of you, and as you're not meant to fit, there are no fitting problems.

**THIRD VIRTUE:** You are all things to all women. One coat does well for town, country, travel, theatre-going, shopping.

**FOURTH VIRTUE:** You know such clever tricks. Sometimes, you're reversible. Sometimes, you have an optional belt to cinch you in.

**FIFTH VIRTUE:** You're warm. One can wear extra sweaters underneath you. You can take a lining and an interlining. But what's that one vice? I just don't think you're chic any more.

I admit I still see you in the best places—there are lots of you in Paris, ranging from the narrow tube to the whooping big tent. But I'm not impressed.

You dip at the back, you have a frankly pregnant look, and you're hideous with flat heels. Above all, I don't like the way you flap.

For sheer beauty, show me a fitted coat again, difficult to fit, great over dresses only, nothing like so versatile, but oh, so good-looking.

They're back with a bang in America. I'd love to see them.

## HEAD-LINES

NEWER than flowers, newer than straw—choose fabric for your first spring hat. Some of the nicest hats I've seen in the new collections are made of fabrics—striped silk satins, taffeta, tulle, or—dumplings, cotton, cartwheels. Ninety-one cotton hats were shown by the top Paris milliners alone.

This is a fashion that will get into the moderate price bracket pretty quickly. Already one London shop is showing striped program pill-boxes with cravats to match. Another has checked cotton boaters.

## ONE CONCLUSION

HAVING seen and studied the spring fashion collections everywhere, I have formed one pretty important conclusion.

THE FABRIC IS WHAT MATTERS MOST.

Clothes are mostly very simple, and there is no one outstanding line. So I suggest that when planning your own spring clothes you.

BUY the best and most interesting fabrics you can afford, and save money on the making. I myself have chosen two good dress patterns so simple I know I can make them

well at home; one consists of only five pieces.

I'm making them up in quite expensive fabrics, but as the dresses are narrow and the yardage small, the cost will be less than for very ordinary ready-made dresses.

BUY or make a cotton coat, but it must be an unusual cotton. Either a first-class print, perhaps quilted, or an embossed cotton, or one of the Swiss embroidered cottons. If you can manage to find them, they look rich and luxurious, and many are washable.

HAVE a narrow pure silk print dress; three yards should do it.

IF you need an evening dress, have a very narrow one of exciting lace rather than a very full one of boring tulle.

## GREEN FINGERS

ALL over my garden bulbs are popping up in the wrong places. The fruit cage, the bean bed, the rose garden are ruined by hyacinth and tulip and daffodil spikes scattered untidily about like toys on the nursery floor.

The reason for this is the iniquitous system of composting.

Of course I know what a compost heap ought to be—a heap of well-rotted humus which easily breaks down into a friable tilth (I love the medieval language affected by the true gardener).

But our compost heap is the one thing about us that never seems to rot properly. Result: old bits of bulbs get put on the heap, flourish there, and get dug back all over the garden with the so-called compost.

I'd like you to know that some of my gardening theories aren't as silly as they sound. I've maintained for years that it is sheer amputation to cut down your roses to just above the fourth bud. It takes them months to recover from the operation and by then it's practically winter. I just trim mine to make them tidy.

This year I find that all the experts—who've been telling us for years to prune like mad—have come round to my side.

## POMPADOUR

ONCE again, a non-fiction book is Book of the Month and races to fame—fiction sales have dropped by about one-fifth

over the past year. This book is by a woman, about a woman, and I recommend it to every woman. Nancy Mitford's *Madame de Pompadour*. Rich in anecdote, a bit thin on history (I long for more dates, but even professional historians are terrified of boring us with those old things), this is a witty, charming, and readable biography about an exciting woman in an exciting age.

## UNFIXED

THE thing I like best about Audrey Hepburn's face is her teeth. They're definitely crooked. This isn't the catty remark of the week. It's said from the heart.

There is something more endearing about that imperfection than about all the capped, flawless teeth in Hollywood, which, to me, always have a slightly false-tooth look.

I hope nobody talks Miss Hepburn into having them fixed. It's her fresh, un-fixed look that makes up for her astounding charm—her sheer reality after all the toothpaste smiles of the Mayos, Turners, Tierneys, and de Carols.

—(London Express Service)

Mme Coty prefers homemaking to politics

## Complicated Menus Are Crossed Off

By Barbara Miller

FRANCE'S new First Lady says she will stick to social affairs and stay out of politics.

This, she added, gives her much in common with Mrs Dwight D. Eisenhower, her American counterpart.

"I think my life must be something like Mrs Eisenhower's," said Mme Rene Coty, wife of France's new president. "I think I'd find her sympathetic. We are both straight-forward and direct people."

Mme Coty, who recently moved into the ornate Elysee Palace, discussed her new life in her first interview with a foreign news agency.

An amiable, talkative and deeply type, despite her Dior clothes and striking burn hair, she said her life in France's "White House" would be active. But politics would be left to her husband.

## HOBBIES

Mme Coty, a shipbuilder's daughter who was married 46 years ago, has two daughters and 10 grandchildren.

Do the official rounds interfere with her personal life? No, said Mme Coty.

"I am agreeably surprised to see how much we can continue to have a family life."

"My hobby is my grand-children. I also like classical music and old paintings. My new life won't change those things."

The Cotys live now in a spare apartment of the palace while their own is being redecorated. Her favourite colour combination is old rose and grey.

Like any French woman, Mme Coty can give plenty of recipes. But ask her how many servants she has, and she doesn't know.

"I just didn't know, there were so many," she said with an uncharacteristic vagueness which would be the envy of many another housewife plagued with servant problems.

## CAT WELL TENDED

The Cotys lived in a rented apartment for 30 years before her senator husband broke a record 13-ballot deadlock to win the presidency.

They had two maids and one car. But now a telephone call brings a car instantly, and there are plenty of aides to take the family cat, Patou, for a walk.

Mme Coty is the first wife of a French president to speak

good English—the result of two years in a British finishing school. She also has travelled in Italy, Switzerland, Holland, Belgium, Greece, Poland and Czechoslovakia.

"My grand-daughters say I am very broadminded," Mme Coty said. "Above all I detest snobism."

"I'm sympathetic to today's young people, but I think they're missing much of the fun of life."

In typical Gallic fashion, she explained:

"At cotillions I used to dance with many different men. Today a young girl comes to a dance with one boy, dances only with him and leaves with him. She must find that dull."

## WILL PATRONISE ALL

One of the toughest of all problems for the president's wife—what fashion designer to patronise—will be solved tactfully. She'll go to them all.

Her husband loves grilled meats and Normandy home cooking. But they are light eaters and usually have nothing except soup, cheese and salad at night.

"I spend my time crossing off complicated menus the palace chef brings every afternoon," she said with a laugh.

Her biggest complaint now is against the Paris comedians who make a joke of the fact she personally prepared her husband's supper after he was elected.

"Why," said Mme Coty, "should I wake up the servants at one in the morning, simply to heat up some soup?"

## FAVOURITE DISHES

Here is the favourite dish of France's President Rene Coty—"Poulet Normand a la creme."

Cook a cut-up young chicken in a casserole in a bouillon of water (one onion, glugs of white wine and herbs in water).

When tender, pour over it a cream sauce made of one cup of fresh cream, mushrooms sauted in butter, yolks of two eggs and a large lump of butter. Simmer briefly and serve.

His wife's favourite dish is "fish a la sauce Americaine."

Saute two garlic cloves and one shallot in olive oil and butter in a casserole. Toss in several cups of tomatoes, herbs and seasoning. Let simmer until it makes a puree, meanwhile preparing any favourite white fish carefully. Just before serving, add a glass of Armagnac brandy in the sauce, light it and pour the flaming mixture over the fish at the table.

## Hips Bear The Brunt Of Added Pounds

JUDGING from figures, as well as the complaints, the bulk of weight settles on the hips. Then why, in the name of sweet reason, do the pounds not come off that spot when calories are cut, you demand to know.

The answer lies in the explanation of why the pounds accumulate largely on the hips in the first place. Lack of activity. Fat always tends to be deposited on the least used areas, the scruff of the neck, under the chin—and over the hips. That large, fleshy muscle on the back of the hips makes a relatively undisturbed parking spot. In this sedentary age, hips are bound to bear the brunt of added poundage.

The solution is exercise of one sort or another. While walking is not particularly hip slimming, if you walk regularly, or dance or ride a bike, you will not have a hip problem. But that's just it—how much of this sort of activity do you get?

Most women have precious little spare time for exercise. This "hip" slimming routine is designed to act directly on the hip muscles. These exercises will "slim off" bulky inches by restoring tone to fatty muscles. If you need to lose weight as well as inches, then combine this along with a general slimming program. You can get the normal, healthy, slim figure by following these exercises.

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## PERHAPS A MICROSCOPE WOULD REVEAL SOME CHANGES...

By DOROTHY BARKLEY

BRITISH manufacturers of men's clothing got together recently and staged an all-male dress show alongside their first-ever Trade Fair, at London's Festival Hall.

It was designed to "display their supremacy in every category of male attire"—as their publicity blurb carefully explained.

Whether or not it succeeded is doubtful. But it certainly proved one thing—men's fashions are DULL.

Out of the sixty-odd items on the programme there was not one which was not already displayed in the shops. Suits cut on "orthodox lines", coats fol-

lowing "traditional style"—and so it went on. As for the sartorial silhouette—planned each year in Savile Row as carefully as women's fashion is planned in Bond Street—it had to be examined under a microscope to reveal changes since last year.

Perhaps a little less padding on the shoulders to give a more natural line, jackets perhaps slightly more waisted, with a ticket pocket at the front, a centre vent at the back—but that was all. One thing was definite: there was no trace of the Edwardian revival.

## A WEAK LINK

Ten men were chosen to parade the clothes: nine of them were actors "roasting" between parts, or photographers' models. The tenth was a manufacturer who evidently felt he knew better than the models how to display his designs.

Though the parade was intended to show men's sartorial supremacy, there was a weak link in the chain.

It was a woman, not man, who matched up their accessories, selected their hats and shoes, and had the last word about their ties.

If the young-man-about-town is looking for natty accessories this year, then he's well catered for. "Ribbon" ties replace the more usual style. These are one-inch wide and waist-length. For night driving, there are water-proofed gloves with white plastic backs.

Hats have been put through new processes. One, intended for the air traveller, is in a new light felt which weighs only two ounces. Another "in" is a new toughened felt which stands up to any sort of rough treatment. It can even be put on a washing machine and come out as good as new.

Shirts. The new terylene suits, to be on the market shortly, have trousers with permanent creases which survive everyday wear and even a soaking in the rain.

## FOR THE BEACH

Shirt collars in a new linen-like plastic are easy to wash and need no ironing. Schoolboy shirts, in cotton toughened with aral fibre, are sold with collars of two sizes, one slightly larger so that your son can grow into it.

But, in "leisure and pleasure" clothes, the prospect brightens considerably. The latest in beach shirts has a flamingo design on a white ground, and is worn outside the trousers. This comes from the Bahamas area; there, we were assured, it is considered the last word in fashion for the well-dressed business man.

For those who prefer something quieter in tone, but still like to "look away" from conventional beach shirts, there is a new shirt with a flamingo design on a white ground, and is worn outside the trousers. This comes from the Bahamas area; there, we were assured, it is considered the last word in fashion for the well-dressed business man.

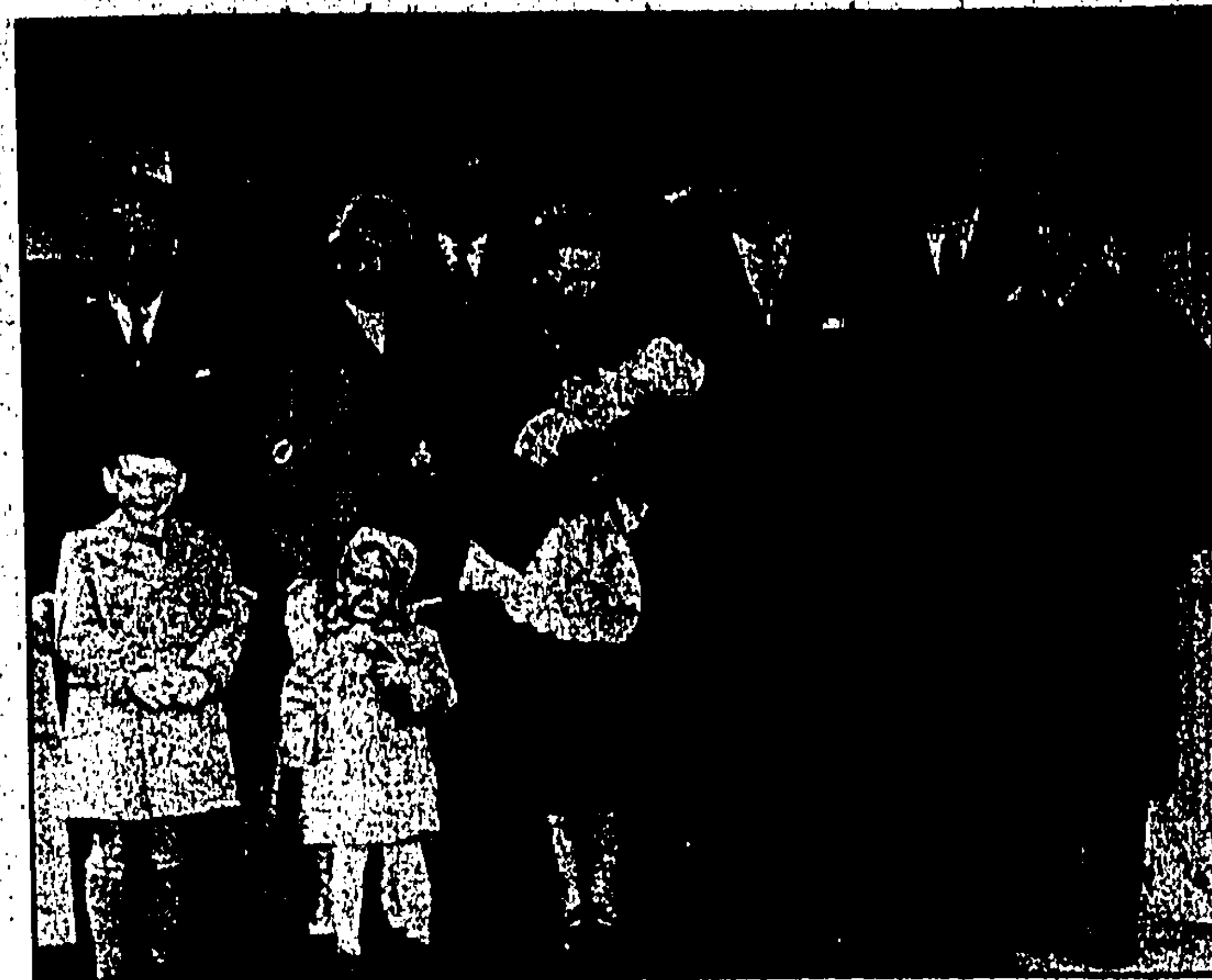




AT the Shangri-la Ball held at the Skyroom in aid of the Boys' and Girls' Clubs Association. Top: Mrs. A. Ridehalgh draws for prizes from a box held by Mr Jack Grenham, master of ceremonies. Mrs Violet Chan looks on. Bottom picture shows Mme C. de Precourt, Commander Tupper, Mrs Kwok Chan, M. Riviere, Mme Riviere and the Hon. Kwok Chan. (Staff Photographer)



MR Harold George Proudman and his bride, the former Miss Pamela Mary Tisch, are seen leaving the Union Church, Kennedy Road, after their wedding last Saturday. (Staff Photographer)



AT St Joseph's Church last Sunday, the christening took place of Monica Mary Zindel, seven-weeks-old daughter of Mr and Mrs W. A. Zindel. After the ceremony, those who attended posed for this picture. (Willie's)

BELOW: Another recent christening was that of little Trevor John Tasker, which took place at St John's Cathedral. The baby is the son of Capt. and Mrs Ronald Tasker. He is held in the arms of Miss Lydia Royce, godmother. (Ming Yuen)

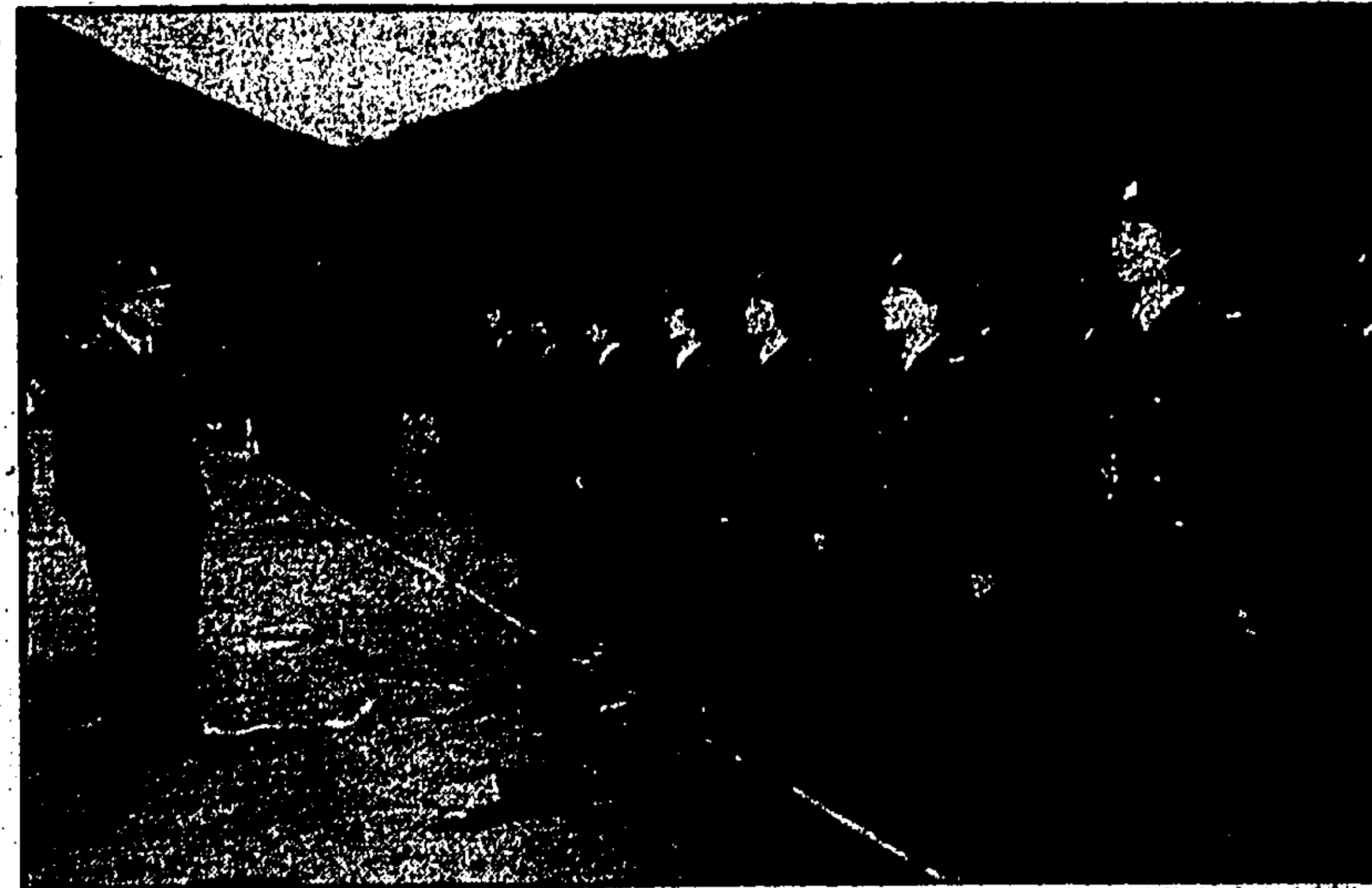


AT a tiffin held in Jimmy's Kitchen, the staff of Pan American World Airways' Hongkong office toast Mr Jerry G. O'Donnell, Director of Sales and Traffic, on his completing 10 years' service with the organisation. (Staff Photographer)



MEDICAL graduates of the University of Hongkong who received degrees at Monday's Congregation. (Staff Photographer)

RIGHT: Hongkong's new Policewomen line up for inspection by the Commissioner of Police, Mr A. C. Maxwell. Occasion was a passing-out parade at the Police Training School, Aberdeen. (Staff Photographer)



Next week —  
**New Shoes**

by

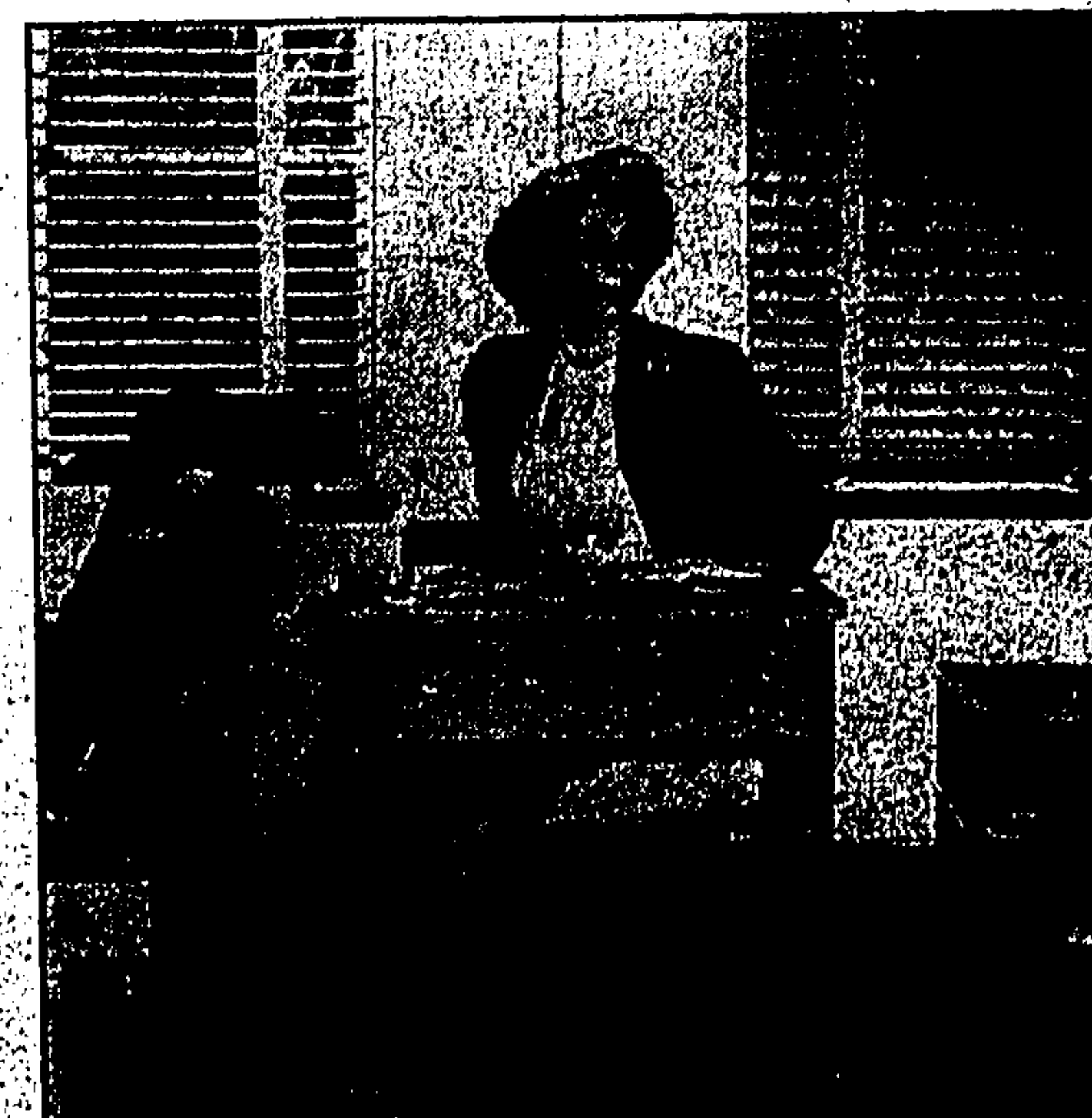
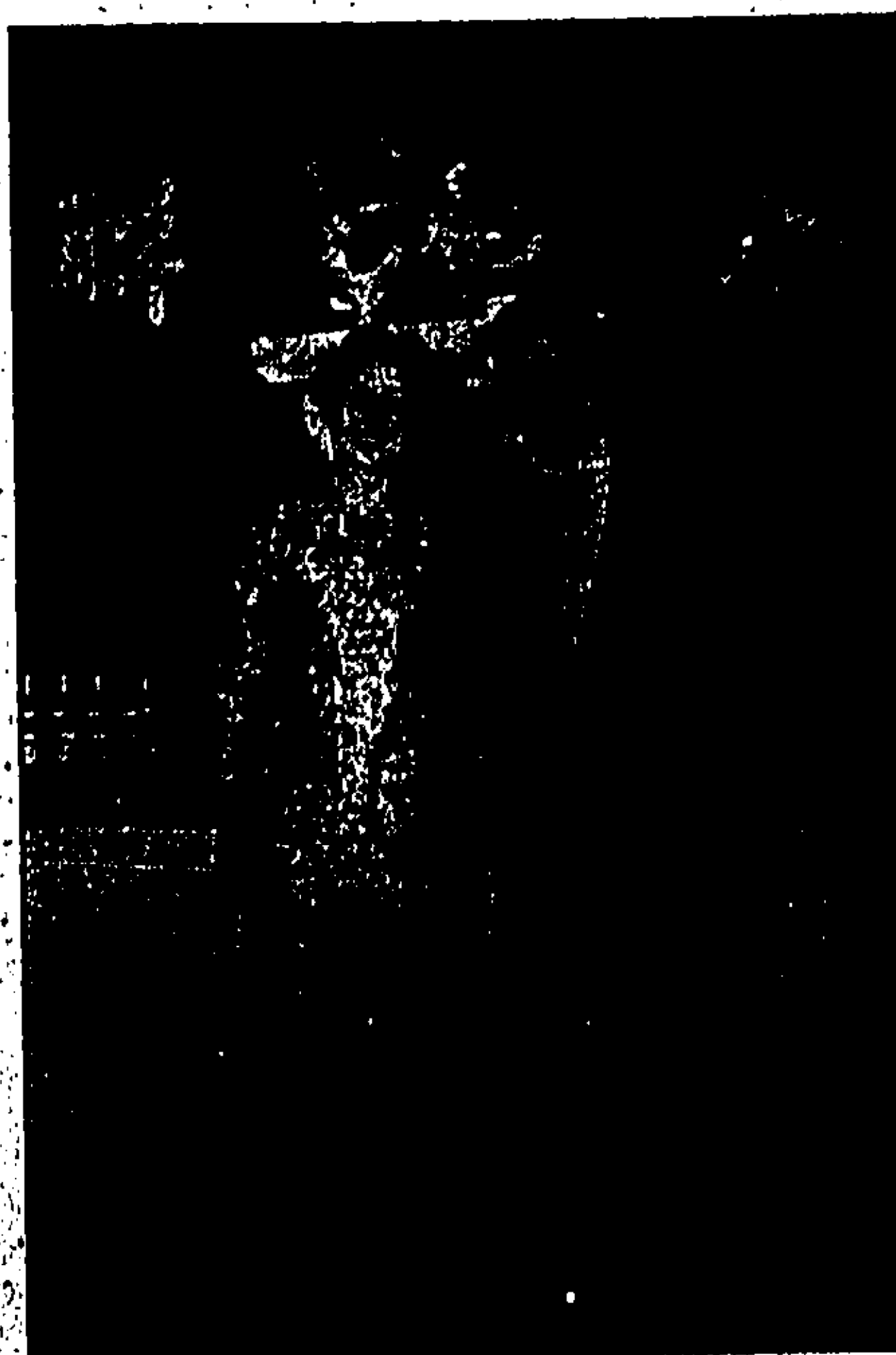


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LEFT: Mr. Liu Kwai-cheung and his bride, the former Miss Lena Sun, who were married at the Registry on Tuesday. Picture was taken at the wedding dinner held at the China Restaurant, which was attended by nearly 1,000 guests. (Staff Photographer)

MRS. F. W. Harris snapped at the YWCA, Garden Road, 1-6's t Tuesday, when she gave an interesting talk on her travels in Spain and Portugal. She spent 18 months in the Iberian Peninsula. (Staff Photographer)

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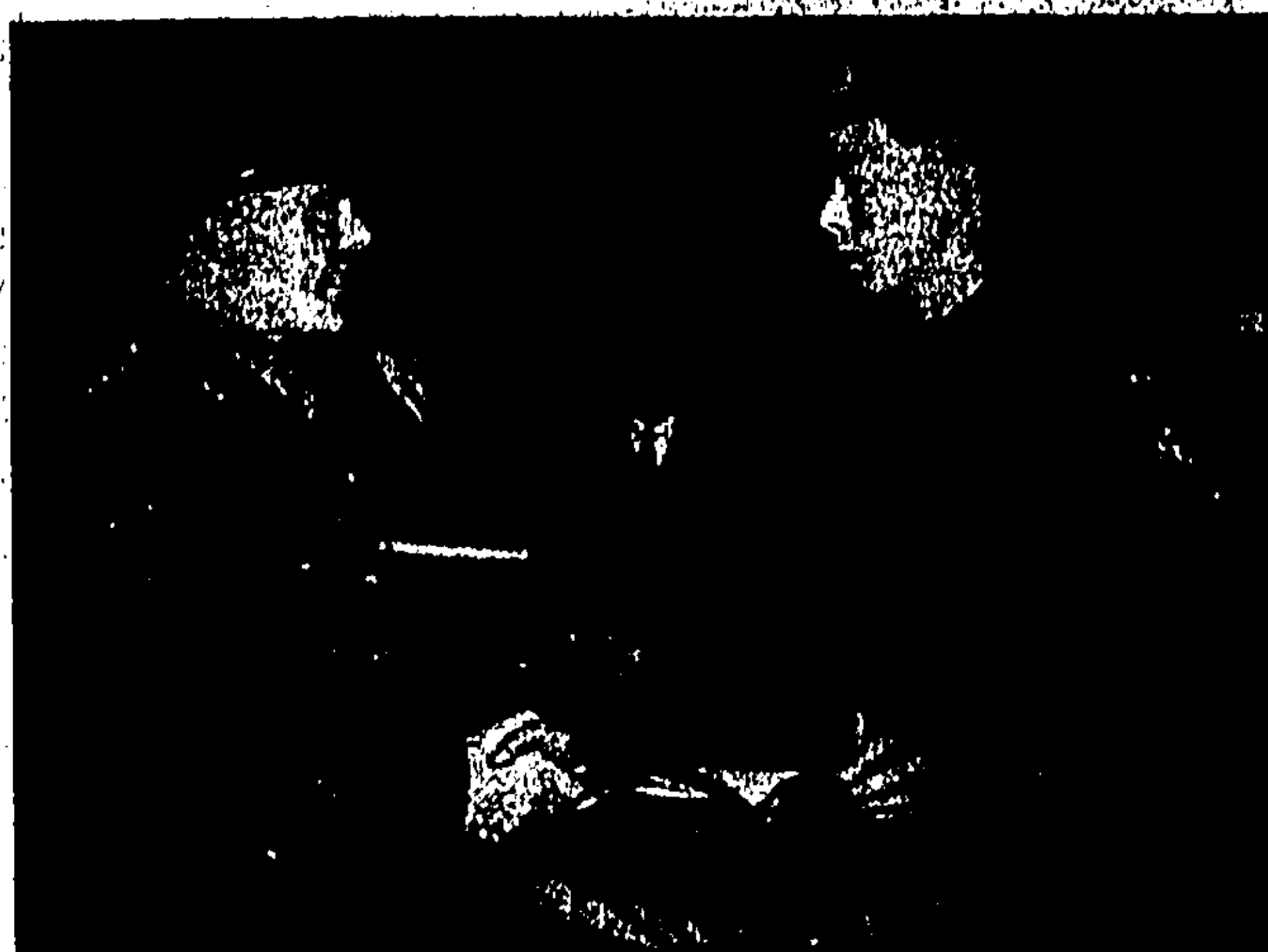
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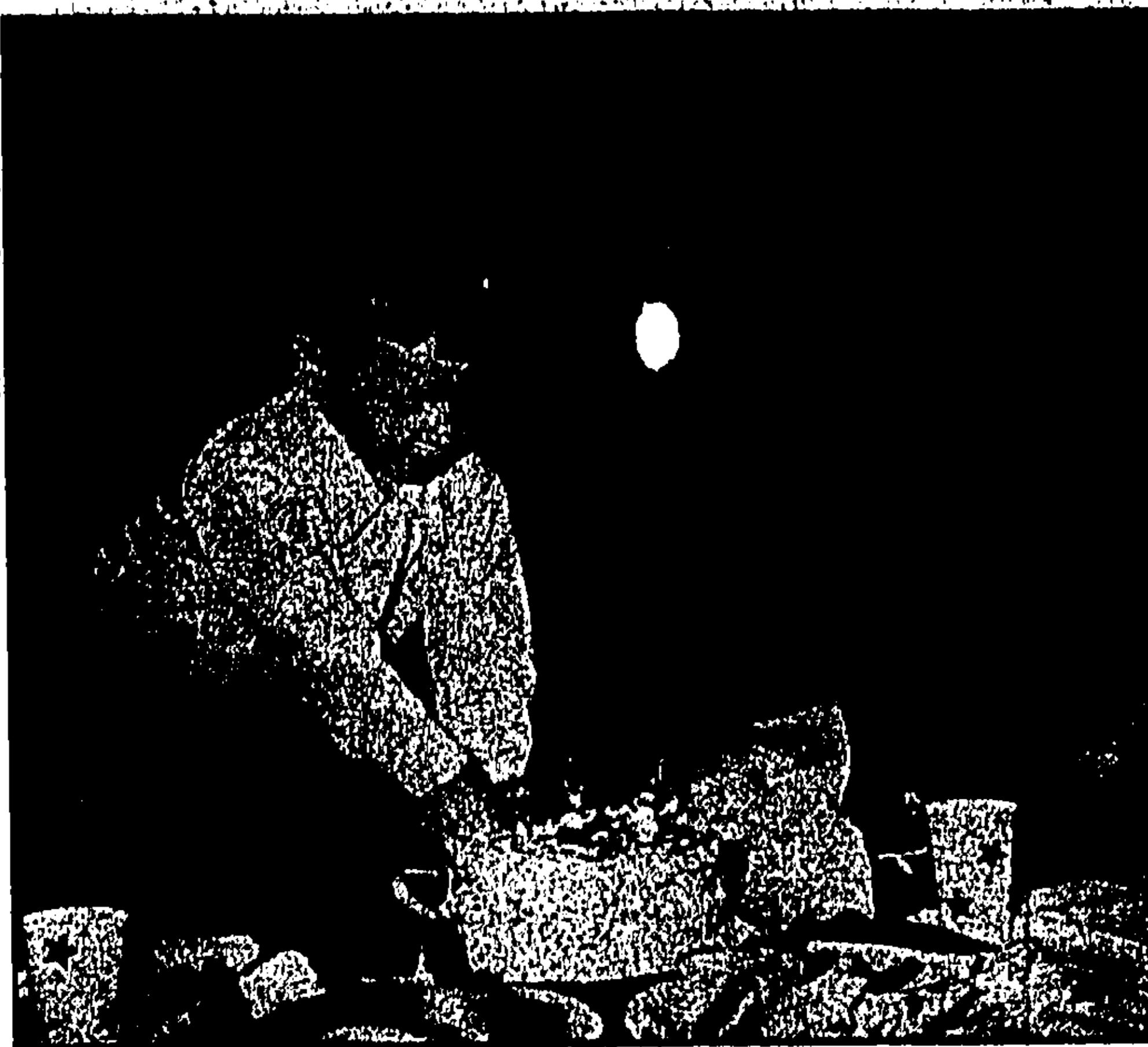
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THE Commissioner of Police this week presented letters of appreciation and awards to 25 Hongkong citizens for their help to the Police in combatting crime. Pte Tang Sai-pun, RASC, seen here shaking hands with Capt. W. M. Nichols, pursued and arrested an armed robber despite having received a stab wound. (Staff Photographer)



LITTLE Andrew Kinghorn, son of Mr and Mrs K. S. Kinghorn, is helped by his mother as he cuts the cake at his birthday party. Andrew is now three. (Ming Yuen)



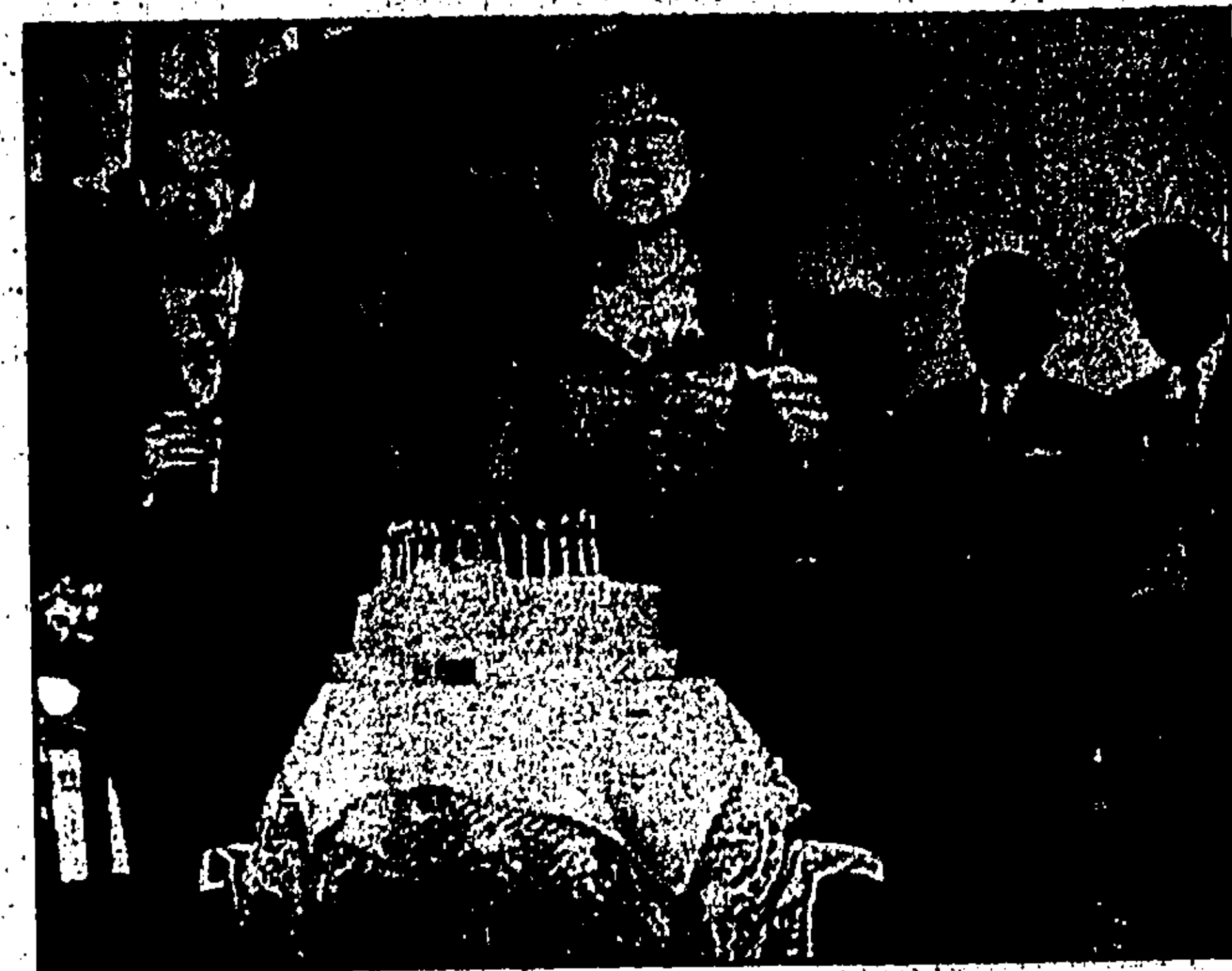
LEFT: Hongkong University alumni were hosts at a Chinese dinner party given in honour of the former Vice-Chancellor, Dr D. J. Sloss, at the Ying King Restaurant. Dr Sloss is seventh from left in the second row. Next to him is the present Vice-Chancellor, Dr L. T. Ride. (Staff Photographer)



WINNERS of team championships in the Royal Hongkong Defence Force annual rifle shoot at Kai Tak last Sunday. Top picture shows the Home Guard No. 3 Platoon, who won the China Cup Competition. Lower photo shows No. 5 Platoon, "B" Coy, Hongkong Regiment, winners of the Chaylesmore Competition. (Staff Photographer)



FIREFIGHTERS and medical rescue teams going through their paces at last Sunday's review of the Civil Aid Services by His Excellency the Governor. (Staff Photographer)



MISS Francisca Marques about to blow out the candles on her birthday cake at her coming of age party last Saturday.

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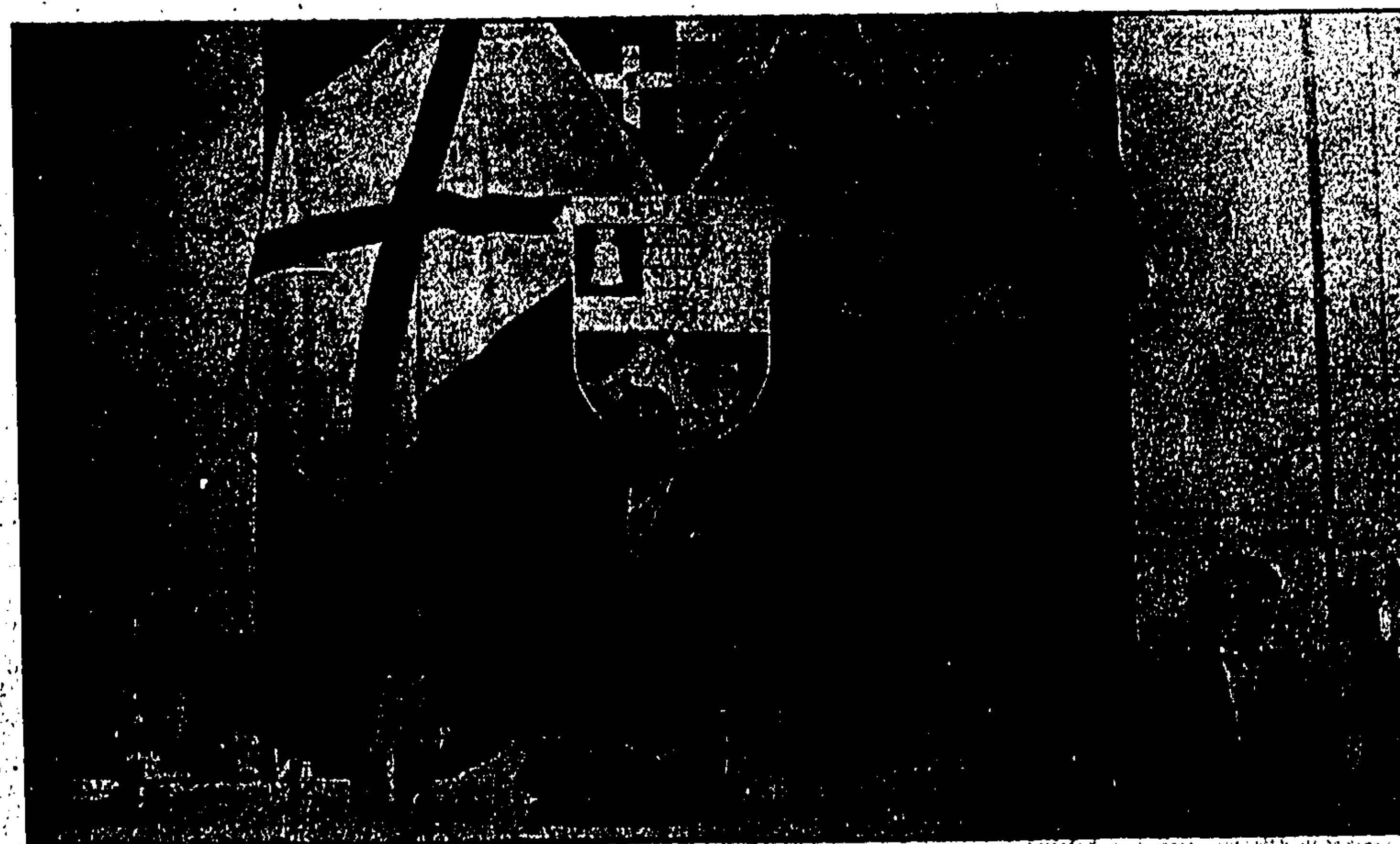
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DR J. H. McIlroy, President of St Patrick's Society, addressing members and guests at the St Patrick's Day dinner held at the Peninsula Hotel. Also in picture are, from left, Mrs. Blane, His Excellency the Governor, Lady Grenham and the Hon. R. B. Black. (Staff Photographer)

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**Let's Eat**  
by  
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## You'll Be Famous For Your "Specialities"

"THE ladies are all very much interested when, at our personal appearance, I use and demonstrate the French phrase 'specialite de la maison'," observed the Chef. "It looks and sounds chic," they say, "but rather difficult to pronounce or carry out."

"I explain, it is very easy to say: spay-see-al-ee-lay; may-zon is house; so it means 'specialty of the house' and always applies to food."

"The 'specialite' can be expensive, such as boeuf Stroganoff, elaborate, such as a Bombe Glace, or tricky to make, as brioche. Or it can be any simple food, perfectly prepared and served, that is truly delicious."

"Such as a fine crab bisque," I suggested, "or perfect butter-fry shrimp, Chef. Or a beautifully roasted ham, puffy homemade potatoes, sizzling brown home-made hash, eggs Benedict, biscuits light as a feather, homemade Boston baked beans, delectable doughnuts, American apple pie with a flaky crust, or a big, fine homemade cake." "Ah, out, if the ladies will only practice, they will soon become famous for them. Many a hostess has climbed the social ladder on specialties de la maison."

### Dinner

Hot or Cold Tomato Juice  
Braised Chicken Danish  
Parasited Potatoes Diced Turnip  
Hot String Beans Vinaigrette  
Orange Date Cake  
Coffee Tea Milk

All Measurements are Level  
Recipes Serve 4 to 6

**Braised Chicken Danish:** Clean and wash a 3½ to 5-lb. chicken as for roasting, but do not stuff it. Truss as usual. Brown all over in drippings, melted chicken fat, or bacon fat if the flavour is liked. Dust with 1½ tsp. salt, 1 tsp. monosodium glutamate and ½ tsp. pepper.

Place on a rack or trivet in a baking pan or use the pressure-cooker. Pour in 1 c. boiling water; surround with 4 c. fine-chopped onion, cover closely and slow-cook as a pot roast 1½ to 2 hrs., or until the chicken is

fork-tender. The onion flavour practically disappears.

Serve with a sauce made from the liquid in the pan. A little commercially soured cream is a good addition. Traditionally, the garnish is crisp slices of bacon.

**Orange Date Cake:** Stir ¼ c. butter, margarine or shortening until creamy. Add the grated rind ½ orange, ¼ tsp. salt, 1 c. sugar and 2 well-beaten eggs. Sift together 1½ c. already-sifted enriched flour and 2 tsp. baking powder. Stir in ¾ c. stoned, quartered, pitted dates. Add ½ tsp. baking soda to ½ c. orange juice. Add the flour and orange juice alternately to the shortening mixture.

Transfer to 2 oiled and floured 8-in. layer cake pans. Bake 30 min. in a moderate oven 375° F. Cool and put together with cooked orange filling, orange-flavoured icing, or orange-flavoured whipped cream. If possible, strew the top layer before baking with fine-chopped orange peel for an attractive finish that makes icing unnecessary.

### Cottage Cheese

"The Parmigiano style of cooking which you adapted, Madame, I consider a great contribution to the art of food preparation. All good chefs know that 'Parmigiano' means cooking in the style of Parma, Italy, and that both Mozzarella and Parmesan cheese are required. Undoubtedly, many homemakers have tasted in Italian restaurants, the appetizing food prepared by this method, but could not obtain the Mozzarella cheese to carry it out at home."

"That's one reason, Chef, why I worked out a way to use cottage cheese instead. Besides, cottage cheese is plentiful, nourishing and inexpensive, one of our best forms of protein food. We should use more of it. Cottage cheese is equally good used to top a casserole of zucchini, eggplant or mixed vegetables; escalloped dishes, broiled veal cutlet, ham, or fish fillets."

**Parmigiano Topping:** Spread the casserole, scallop or broiled meat or fish with a layer of creamed cottage cheese ¼-in. thick. Then dust all over with a thin layer of grated genuine Parmesan cheese, or use grated Swiss or American cheese. Place the food under a broiler and slow-broil until lightly browned.

## 50 Grown-ups Will Take Dolls To A Party

MRS Nerea de Clifford, lively, middle-aged secretary to a Kensington tutorial college, is planning one of London's strangest tea parties this Easter.

Rule for admittance will be that each of her 50 guests—all are adult and more than a quarter are men—must bring their favourite DOLL.

For Mrs de Clifford is founder of the newly formed Dolls' Club, and the party will be members' first big social event.

### 'BEST IN THE WORLD'

The club have three aims:

- 1-To preserve old and valuable dolls;
- 2-To encourage the production of good modern dolls, dolls' houses and accessories;
- 3-To raise money for deserving charities by exhibitions and competitions.

Mrs de Clifford's personal collection of 150 dolls is said to be the best in the world.

Only a few of Mrs de Clifford's dolls are displayed in her Holland Park home.

The others are stored in hampers, specially fitted with shallow drawers to protect them from dust and dirt.

Experts believe that dolls have always existed in some form. Mrs de Clifford's oldest is a prehistoric flint doll 3in. long.

### NELSON'S NURSE

Then there is Horatia, a 2ft.-long baby doll so named because her clothes were made by Nelson's nurse.

Collections are often started for odd reasons. Four years ago Miss Irene Blair Hickman, of Campden Street, Kensington had no interest in dolls. Today she has 500.

She said: "A niece brought me back a peasant doll from France, and although I thought I was rather old for toys, I accepted it to save disappointing her."

"Now I find the hobby so fascinating that I cannot stop collecting."

Miss Hickman is a physio-therapist at a London County Council clinic, but in her spare



Here are two of the dolls from Miss Hickman's collection. On the table is a doll which belonged to Queen Victoria. On the right is an 1878 fashion doll from France.

time she runs a dolls' hospital. She is also a bird doctor, and has an aviary at her home.

Many men collectors are shy to admit that they belong to the club in case people make fun of them.

Mr Gordon Hand, 35-year-old London antique dealer, has joined the club because he wants to do all he can to prevent valuable dolls from being exported.

Mr Hand, a 6ft. 4in. ex-major, said: "There are few old and beautiful dolls in this country. Americans are avid collectors, and most dolls find their way to the U.S.A."

In 1952 Mr Hand organised an exhibition of dolls in aid of the Red Cross. One of his most interesting visitors was Queen Mary.

—(London Express Service)

## STRETCHING LIVING SPACE AT HOME

By ELEANOR ROSS

HOW wonderful to be able to move into a nice big house with all the space one could want, or to have your house built to plans!

But since that dream often takes quite a while to come true, we are wise to make the most of what's available. During our round of visiting we saw some fine examples of this sensible attitude.

Some friends decided that if the porch could serve as an extra sitting room in summer, there was no reason why it could not serve the same use in the cold season, and even double as a guest room when necessary. Only a small outlay was involved, considering that another room was gained, and of course ingeniously played its role, too.

To make the porch suitable for year-around use, double glass windows—interchangeable with summer screens—were installed. The room thus became as snug and sunny during the winter as it is breeze-cooled and comfortable during summer. Draw draperies of monk's cloth make for privacy and a colourful cotton rug does its share. A good studio couch, slip-covered and with handsome bolsters, provides seating and lounging space as well as a comfortable sleeping

surface. Pin-up lamps furnish additional lighting and tables have been treated to a special finish so that they can withstand hard wear. Sharp accents of colour, some old pieces of furniture done over and there it is, a really handsome additional room for living, dining and study purposes, or for use as an extra guest room, achieved by making use of what was already available.

★

Then there's the bright idea of turning unused basement space into a useful recreation room, and by careful planning, plus a good studio couch or day bed, making it serve as an emergency guest room when necessary. Informal dual purpose sofas look pleasant in sturdy plaid or checked cover combinations of black and white, white and red, brown and green and black and yellow. But in the very informal recreation room, a day bed is more at home. Slip-covered in easily washable material with comfy bolsters to lean on, it is ideal for both youngsters to sprawl on in play and for adults to sit upon comfortably.

One of the first requisites of a good recreation room is that it looks like a room and not an attic full of discarded junk. And this is doubly important if it is ever likely to be used overnight. To achieve this effect necessitates wailing of the utilities. Construct-

tion of the recreation room is not as difficult as it might seem. Whether or not the menfolk are handy with the hammer, there are many fine how-to-do-it books on the subject that make it possible for a real amateur to do a good job. Aiding in the task are the easily-installed wall finishes of various plastics and treated veneers that vary from beautiful knotty pine to simple plywood. Colour is the keynote of a good job, plus an original motif.

## The Diabetic Must Live A Carefully Planned Life

By W. W. Bauer, M.D.

IN 1917, when I graduated from medical school, a diabetic had very little chance at life; if he was a child, he had none, beyond a few miserable months of swift decline. In 1922, when I was young in the practice of medicine, the first real hope for diabetes was announced. Up to that time, diet had been the only reliance for treatment—dull, dreary diets, amounting to little more than slow starvation. There were many and differing diabetic diets, proving that none of them was truly effective. Only the elderly diabetic with exceptionally mild disease, had any chance of survival.

### DISCOVERY

When, in 1922, tedious years of research were rewarded by the discovery of insulin, it appeared that the problem of the diabetic was solved. It was certainly a tremendous step in advance. Today most diabetics, including children, can look forward to lives at least as long as they would have expected to live without diabetes. But there is a price which must be paid.

In exchange for longer and better life, and far more attractive and liberal diet, the diabetic must live a carefully planned life. He cannot eat, work, exercise, play or rest haphazardly. He must keep his emotional control as evenly balanced as possible. And he must exercise care about cleanliness. He must also do his utmost to avoid infections like colds, digestive disturbances, minor wounds or other ills; if he does not get them, he must see his doctor at once.

### FIGURATIVELY

This carefully planned life is necessary because in a sense the diabetic is walking a tight-rope, balancing a number of factors in somewhat the same manner that the circus performer does. If the acrobat loses his balance, great may be his fall. So it is with the diabetic.

If he takes insulin, the dose must be right. Too little fails to help him use the sugar he requires for his nutrition; too

much lowers the available sugar supply in his blood and he falls into shock. The insulin dose is affected by the food intake; too much food has the same effect as too little insulin, and vice versa. A third influence is exercise, where too little acts like too much food or too little insulin; too much acts like too little food or too much insulin. Infections and other illnesses call for special resistance and better sugar utilisation, so the doctor may have to order more insulin or dietary modification or both.

### MORE SUSCEPTIBLE

Cleanliness is essential because diabetics are more susceptible to infection than normal persons. This is less true when the diabetes is under control, but precautions are still essential.

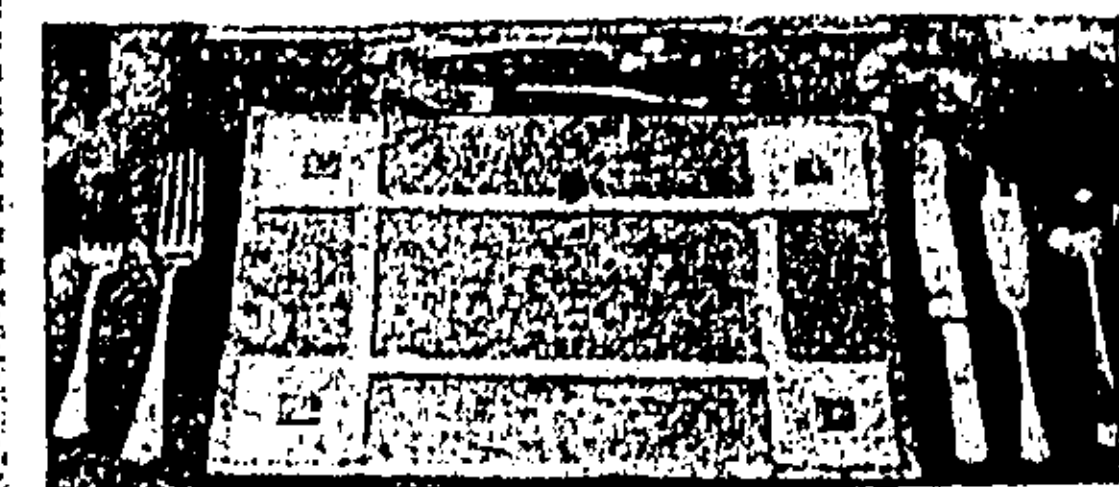
All this is not as discouraging as it sounds. It soon falls into a routine which is much easier than might appear. And the diabetic of today, unless he announces the fact, may not even be recognized. You see someone leave his potato on his plate, or avoid sweet desserts, concentrating on meat and vegetables, and you wonder—Is he diabetic or just controlling his weight? In energy, ability to do a day's work, meet emergencies and have fun, the diabetic takes his place with anybody and gives as good as the next man. As you play the game according to the rules.

### GOLD MEDALS

He lives longer. One diabetic treatment centre gives medals to diabetics who live longer with diabetes than they are expected—according to statistical averages—to live without it. If they live 25 years without signs of hardened arteries, the medals are of gold. For that is the diabetic problem of today—keeping the arteries soft.

Diabetes involves disturbance not only of the sugar mechanism, but of the fat metabolism of the body. Despite insulin, diabetes tends to be fatal, often at early ages if they have been childhood diabetics. The better the control of diabetes is maintained, day in and day out, the less likely is this complication or any other.

Living with diabetes is a big assignment, but with brains and determination, and close co-operation with the doctor, it pays off BIG.



## LAY A TABLE★ THE EASY WAY

THE all-enveloping white tablecloth is out of favour, and crisply starched table mats have taken its place.

Whether your dining-table is a vast oak heirloom or a modern, flimsy, trellis-top, these contrasting-coloured mats will help to make the table more attractive, and your food more appetising.

**YOU WILL NEED**  
¾ yard coloured linen, 36ins. wide; one-sixth of a yard contrasting linen, 36ins. wide; thread to match both materials and one card of bias binding to match the contrasting colour. This is enough for one dish and two plate mats.

### HOW TO CUT

From linen: 1 piece 17ins. x 13½ins.; 2 pieces 13ins. x 11ins.; 4 pieces 1½ins. square for corners of large mat; 8 pieces 1in. square for corners of small mats.

From contrasting linen: 4 pieces 4ins. square for corners of large mat; 8 pieces 3ins. square for corners of small mats. From bias binding: 8 pieces 9ins. long for all mats; 2 pieces 5½ins. long for large mats; 4 pieces 3ins. long for small mats.

### HOW TO SEW

1 Turn in the raw edges one-eighth of an inch, and press. Turn in further three-eighths of an inch and make the corners. Press and baste.

2 Sew all the way round each mat.

3 Turn in the squares of the contrasting colours ¼in. all

round, mitring the corners. Pin and baste to the corners of the mats on the straight grain of the material. Leave the inside corners free for slipping the bias binding underneath.

4 Place the binding along the grain of the material and baste in position as shown in the photograph. Turn in the edges of the smallest linen squares ¼in., mitring the corners, and pin and baste to the centres of the squares of contrasting colour.

5 Pin-stitch squares and bias binding to the mat. The stitches must follow the thread in the material for a symmetrical effect.

6 Wash, starch, and iron the mat, when finished.

★ CAN YOU SPOT the deliberate mistake in the picture beside the headline? If not—turn the page.

pinpoint from bottom right the dotted line and fork are

## HOUSEHOLD HINTS

A scratched soleplate on your iron can be avoided if you are careful not to iron over buttons, zippers and hooks. Use a thick pad or folded bath towel to cover them while you iron.

Most dresses wear out first in the sleeves and under the arms. One way to handle this is to convert the dress into a jumper. A good finish for the neckline and armholes in a narrow bias facing of lightweight matching material turned to the inside and slip-stitched. The outside edge may then be accented with machine stitching if desired.

For neater and more convenient closet storage, avoid placing anything on the floor. A rack or bag for footweat can frequently be installed along the inside of the closet door. If the closet is wide, shelves may be installed on one or both sides.

Wallpaper will stay bright longer if given a weekly cleaning. Use a wet cloth and wipe off the surface.

Washing around a broom. Finger smudges can usually be removed by rubbing gently with art gum eraser.

Pillows can be washed by hand without removing the feathers. Scrub them with good suds and a weak solution of washing soda. Rinse the pillows several times in clean, warm water. Squeeze out as much moisture as possible, then dry them on a sheet in a warm place.

When washing angora, use lukewarm soapsuds and rinses. Care for angora as you would any other type of wool, plus a brisk shaking, when dry, to fluff up the nap.

When washing windows, use a bottle-washing brush dipped in soapsuds to pick up dust from the corners of window panes.

Toilet stains, if not, may be removed by applying a paste of starch and ammonia. Allow this to dry, then wash off and repeat for this or a stubborn stain.

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## Gentle Sudsing For Angora Articles

ANGORA is everywhere this year—adding a soft, pretty touch to all sorts of costumes.

It is used for Peter Pan collars for tailored dresses and blouses, some quite plain, others crinkled with pearls or sequins or metallic thread. Still others are solid with matching clip-on half-hats.

Angora scarves, angora stoles and knitted gloves with angora trim are all going strong.

Angora should be washed before it becomes really soiled, so that it will need only gentle treatment. It should be washed in lukewarm water and suds, and should be kept cupped in the hands for support, otherwise it might sag. Squeeze the thick suds through very carefully, taking care not to wring, twist, rub or in any way treat angora.

Well-soaped fingers gently "over-spot" any areas that are particularly soiled. Make sure that the rinse water is the same temperature as the suds.

After the final rinse, blot lightly in a Turkish towel and dry away from the heat.

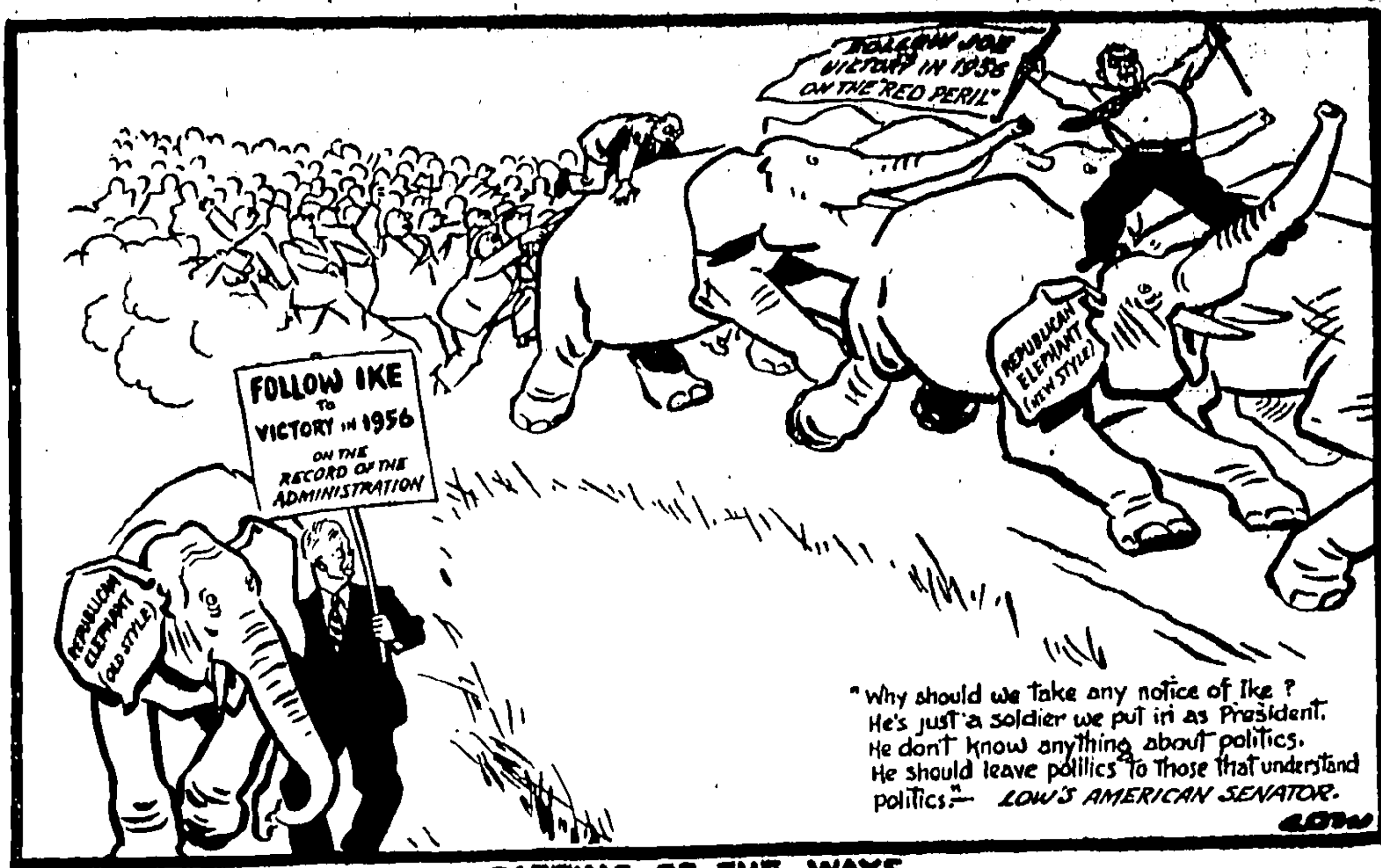
Stoles, scarves, gloves, collars and other flat articles can be returned to their original dimensions easily while they're still wet if you've drawn an outline of them on paper before sudsing.

After casting them back to shape against this outline, lay the angora articles flat on a towel or plastic sheet, and leave to dry. An angora bereet comes right back to shape if it is slipped over a plate of suitable size and left to dry.

After it's dry, re-fluff angora by shaking it vigorously. Jewel or metallic thread trim that appears on so many of this year's angora accessories is, as a rule, either removable or washable.

If in doubt about non-removable trim, you can test it by gently over-spotting any areas of trim with a clean, damp cloth and gently wipe the "decoration." If none of the dye or metal coloring comes off, it's safe to wash.





PARTING OF THE WAYS

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## The House Of Commons Has Its 'Crazy Gang'

By BEVERLEY BAXTER

NOT very far from the House of Commons is the Victoria Palace, set in the eddying traffic of Victoria Station. It does not, however, bear resemblance in character or appearance to those other palaces of St. James and Buckingham. It is, in fact, a huge music hall.

For the last six years or so the Victoria Palace has prospered exceedingly because of what is known as "The Crazy Gang." These are a collection of London's most popular comedians. They are quite unpredictable. Practical jokes are played, and neither the audience nor the comedians are quite sure of what will happen next.

Therefore, it is with some diffidence that I make the suggestion that there are times when the House of Commons seems determined to put on a rival performance to its near neighbour in Victoria Street.

The House has many qualities of the theatre. Tragedy, comedy, sentiment, irony, passion, boredom, glamour, unexpectedness... These are the background to our debates. Generation after generation of politicians strut the stage until destiny, or the years, pronounce sentence: "Out, out brief candle!"

The other day I lunched with Laurence Irving, the brilliant grandson of the famous Sir Henry. "A man is not a great actor," he said, "unless he can play both the tragedian and the clown." So it is with the House of Commons. It has its great moments when history stands poised to record the drama. But there are other times when it gives a remarkable imitation of the "Crazy Gang" at the Victoria Palace.

It was at question time on Thursday afternoon last week that the fun began. A Socialist MP demanded to know from the Minister of Health why a certain woman doctor had, under the National Health Service, prescribed (free) so much cotton wool to a female patient that she was able to stuff her cushions with it.

Always eager to strike down corruption, the House became very alert. The Socialists were particularly shocked. Their beloved Health Scheme was obviously being used as a means of bribery and corruption by Tory doctors in collusion with Tory patients.

However, the Minister of Health was able to explain that it happened six years

ago, that the doctor was undoubtedly a Conservative but the patient was a Socialist -- and it was the patient who did the stuffing.

This caused much laughter and everyone agreed that the Tories had scored. But the fun had only begun.

Mrs Barbara Castle, an attractive but rather bad-tempered Socialist blonde, wanted to know why one of her colleagues had put down a question about a hospital in Mrs Castle's constituency, and would the Speaker rule the question out of order? The Speaker said that he would not. Whereupon Mrs Castle swept out of the Chamber in what is known as high dudgeon.

However, the last question on the order paper was one that was certain to restore the dignity of the ancient assembly. A particularly dignified Tory MP had put down a query to the Prime Minister asking if it would not be possible for all the church bells in Britain to ring out at the moment that the Queen once more set foot upon British soil.

The assembly became silent and solemn as the Leader of the House, Harry Crookshank, acting for Churchill, said that the various denominations had been consulted. The response was gratifying and helpful. The bells would ring from Land's End to John o' Groats.

There was a murmur of approval from all quarters, but unfortunately the Tory MP felt that he had put a supplementary question.

"Is the Leader of the House aware," he asked, "that his reply will give the greatest satisfaction to every living..."

And then it happened. From somewhere in the Socialist ranks a rich cantankerous Scottish voice said, "Wha' about the bats in the belfry?"

The House was startled. The House was shocked. And then suddenly the laughter started. It must have been a full three minutes before decorum was restored. I agree that humour is divided into oral and visual. Perhaps the words have to be heard to grasp their full impact.

But even that was not the end. When Questions were finished the House went into

consideration of the Air Ministry Estimates. Under-Secretary George Ward, brother to the Earl of Dudley, gave a survey of Britain's strength and Britain's problems in the air.

In the next war we shall have fighter aircraft flying at 700 miles an hour. Presumably the enemy planes would be equally swift. So if they fought a duel and missed each other they would probably be a hundred miles apart before they could turn. In fact the whole picture was like madman's dream.

But the worst was yet to come in the Crazy Gang performance. By 9.30 in the evening it looked as if the debate would probably end around 10 p.m. Most of the Socialists had drifted home-wards and there were not more than fifty Tories in debate and the House was obviously ready to call it a day.

Unhappily, four very independent Socialists had concocted a plot to keep the House up all night by filibustering. Poor George Ward, the Under-Secretary who had made a long opening speech in the afternoon and a long closing speech at 10 p.m. settled down for a grim "all nighter."

However, the Tory Whips decided to use their power. At 1 a.m. the Government Chief Whip moved "That the House do report progress and beg leave to sit again" -- the formula for ending a debate which has no automatic time limitation.

At this point the four Socialists went into action. One at a time, and with exaggerated courtesy, they contended that the House had not been given sufficient time to study the Estimates. With mock solemnity they would say: "What about page 4 of the report? Just look at the items: 'Uniform for women', 'Bath facilities', 'Cooking extensions'. These are of the utmost importance and have not been discussed at all." The more trivial the items the more solemnly did they intone them.

Two a.m. 3 a.m. 4 a.m. 5 a.m. They were still at it although by the rules they could not discuss the merits or demerits of any item. Everything they said had to have a bearing upon the motion before the House. The effect was to stop the House from talking and go to bed.

At 5 o'clock the Government Chief Whip decided to play his only remaining trump. He would move the closure of the debate. This would end the discussion, and as there were only four Socialists in the place, the Government supporters would carry it easily in the Lobbies.

But there was one snag. A closure motion must have a minimum of 100 votes in support of it. The Tories in attendance at that moment were about 70. Whereupon the Whips' Office went into action. MP's Office were summoned by their beds were summoned by phone to Westminster. Sleepy porters in West End Clubs were sent to break the news to slumbering Tory members.

Fortunately all British MP's lead completely virtuous lives otherwise a wife might be suspicious at dawn when asked on the phone where her husband is.

At 6.30 the Government had assembled a voting force of exactly 99. They were short! And still the four Socialists were going on and on, on the one of the most ironic yet skilful filibustering feats of many years.

But at 7 o'clock the wicked quartet decided that the game was up. One more Tory was bound to reach Westminster at any moment. So the debate was allowed to end, but not before the Under-Secretary George Ward had made a courteous reply to the points reached. He had been continuously on the Front Bench for 10 hours during which period he had made two full length speeches and a shorter one to sum-up.

But London can be a pleasant place at 7 o'clock in the morning. I was going on my way home. The air was fresh and clear and there was hardly any traffic. The bedlam that is London had not yet begun.

The posters of the Victoria Palace proclaimed to the few of us on the street that "Bud Flanagan" and "Teddy Knox" and the rest of the Crazy Gang would let loose their anarchy at 7 p.m. There is something rather indecent about the outside of a theatre in the early morning. The unlit illuminated signs, the pictures of chorus girls displaying their legs in rhythmic unison, the flattering phrases from a critic's review displayed as it were the highest form of ultimate truth. A theatre in the early morning is like an uncleaned supper table at dawn.

Up at the head of the street, at the Houses of Parliament, the weary attendants were getting the place ready for the performance which begins on Friday at 11 a.m. Instead of the normal hour of 2.30 p.m. The tired waitresses who had been on duty all night were clearing up. The police, the ushers, the attendants, the telephonists, the messengers were at their posts. Like the Victoria Palace, the House was ready for the show.

## I MEET MURIEL MAY THE GLAMOROUS GRANDMOTHER

VANCOUVER.

I WENT out to dine with a glamorous grandma. Her name is Muriel May, something over 40, and I had not the courage to ask her age.

Muriel, a brunette and petite, looks and dresses like a 23-year-old, and wears a white fur hat ringed with gold.

She is Vancouver's best-known girl, and having a married daughter who has conferred the grandma status on her is only part of the story.

Muriel is in business in a big way. She is a realtor, which means she sells real estate or, in basic English, she is an estate agent. Muriel May is big-time stuff, and the wise boys of Vancouver reckon she knocks up £10,000 a year.

She certainly lives up to that salary in a luxurious apartment on West Vancouver's snooty "Golden Mile."

This is the coastal strip that overlooks the sea gate to the Orient. From Muriel May's sumptuously furnished lounge you can throw a stone into the Pacific, which is quite terrific at night.

### Old-time Stuff

But sea-bathing is old-time stuff to the residents of these super apartments, where money is the spice of life. They have their own swimming pool which is centrally heated, 'cos, baby, it's cold inside the sea all the year round.

Muriel has elegance too. She fed me gin and tonic, which in this unrelenting rye or Scotch country is almost regarded as sinning, and she works, you'll never credit it, for the Guinness stout family.

The Guinnesses own a chunk of choice land in West Vancouver, the Hampstead Garden Suburb of the Far West. It is run as a company called British Properties, Limited.

Muriel May is the sole sales girl. She has a monopoly, and she is practically selling herself out of the job, although she still has 4,000 acres on her books.

Like all monopolists, Muriel is coy about her job. That is the English influence coming to the top in this land of free talkers.

This Guinness land investment has turned out right for the wrong reason. The stout folk bought much of the property back in the depression for a reputed knock-out price of £25,000. Now everybody here is far too coy to say what size of killing the Guinness boys and girls have made and are making.

### Would Not Come

They bought the land originally to "provide a graveyard for retired English folk." Unfortunately, the English would not come to see Vancouver and die so at first the investment did not prosper. Then, just before the Guinness family had the bright idea of building the largest single-span suspension bridge in the world, the Lion's Gate, to link their land with Vancouver proper.

And from old Vancouver the cream of the wealthy middle class descended on the Guinness stake. Up went the houses -- "substantial English type with terraced gardens, rolling lawns, and rose-encrusted arbours."

That and Muriel May fetched them, for both are fetching. The houses and their surrounding gardens are indeed attractive with lawns lined with rhododendrons and shrubs, flanking the roads.

There is no over-crowding, with only 348 houses up so far. These are dominated by an English-type golf course with an English-looking clubhouse proudly flying the Union Jack.

### Very British

It is all very British, don't you know?

The houses run up to £10,000, but the Guinness family merely sells the land and controls the sort of house you build, to what it is in keeping with the land. The Guinness family is the only family in the world who do this.

## By Frederick Ellis

The Guinness family have certainly struck it rich, for even the Lion's Gate Bridge is paying off with a toll of 1s. 9d. for each car, plus 4d. per passenger. Season tickets may be had at a cut price. The Guinness family is shy about this investment.

The only connection with the brewery in the other country is the shopping centre of the residences, it is called Park Royal, after the Guinness Brewery close by Ealing.

Muriel May, whose brother Carroll Lewis has been discovering stage talent in Britain for so long there can be little left to discover, is no slight person. She takes business seriously, and she knows the snags to her glamour.

"When you sell property," she says, "it is the women you must sell to."

Certainly with her looks and personality plus, mere man could hardly resist the choicest and most expensive plots.

I just salute the ruling head of the Clan Guinness, the Earl of Iveagh, who ranks among the richest people in Britain. He has two sound investments in Vancouver -- British Properties and Muriel May.

Over the other side of Vancouver the Dukes of Westminster have moved in. The late duke, who had a keen eye for a good bit of property, bought the 1,200-acre Annacis Island in the Fraser River just before he died. With his agent, George Ridley, now in London, they planned a £50,000,000 industrial trading estate.

All the same, Trafford Park or Slough, not all that money is coming out of the Westminster coffers, but a sizable chunk will do so.

The duke's death will have no effect on this bold merchant adventuring, which would seem

to show that the duke had his affairs in good order to defeat death duties.

The family's sales representative out here is just about the complete opposite to the glamorous Muriel. He is a studious young English surveyor, 32-year-old Gilbert Hardman from Palmers Green, an ex-14th Army warrior.

His wife Audrey had her first baby in London last month christened Amanda Jane. She rejoins her husband soon.

The factories will be rented to all comers, an unusual feature out here, where everybody owns his factory. They will be built by London civil engineers, John Laing and Company.

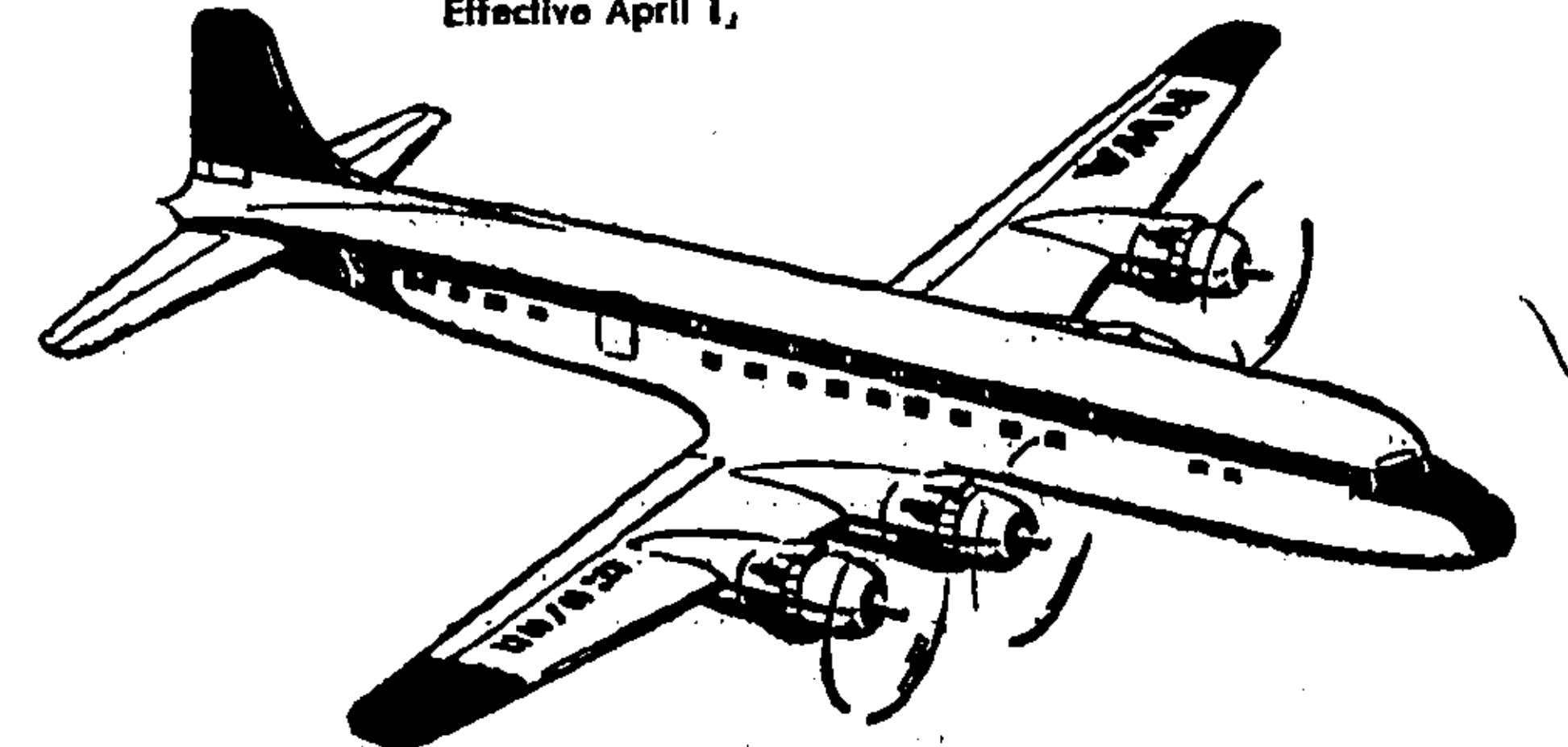
The Westminster project lies in New Westminster, which is just a happy coincidence -- and represents Britain's largest single personal investment in Canada post-war. It may take 50 years to complete.

It is a vast plan, which will earn many dollars for Britain, and a fine memorial to the late duke's pioneering wisdom.

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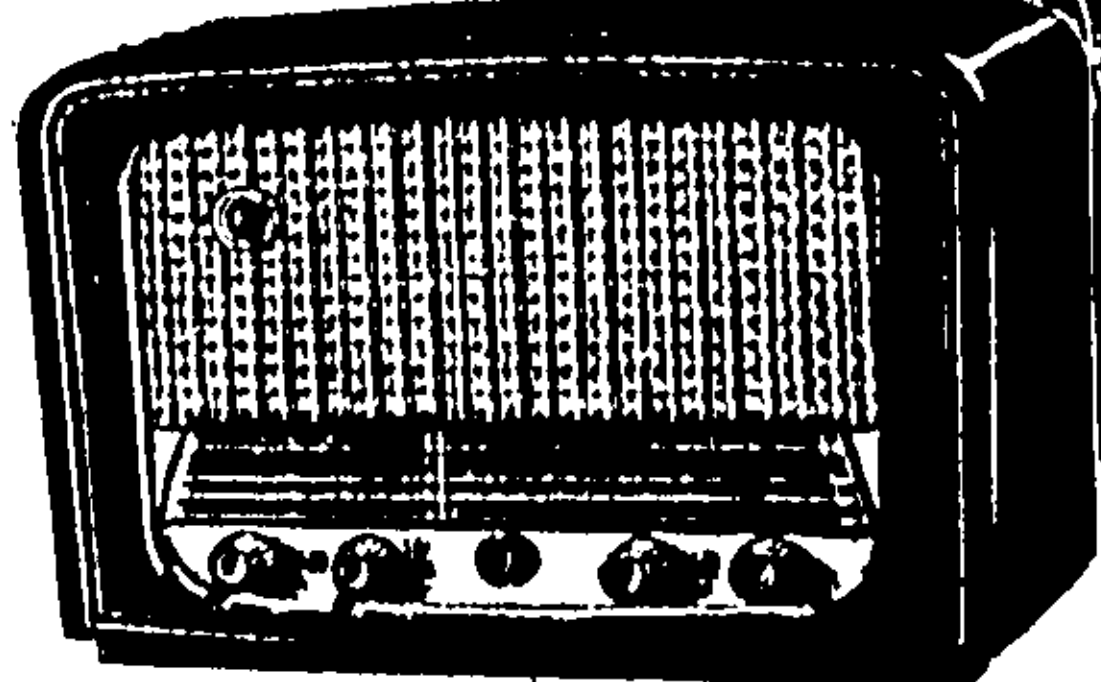
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## Jolly Jack Climbs Beanstalk And Slays No Giant

By Nancy Spain

ONCE upon a time there was a little boy called Jack Boynton Priestley.

Jolly Jack Priestley was a schoolmaster's son, born in 1894, and he lived in Bradford. He married

three times, he went to Cambridge, he wanted to be a writer and a Socialist.

To begin with, says Mr Priestley, he wrote for fun rather than for money. But after he had written a highly successful modern fairy story called "The Good Companions" (and various plays) he reached the top of the beanstalk of success.

He was able to buy an enormous estate in the Isle of Wight and a bull that cost £297 10s. And he stopped being a doctrinaire Socialist. But he went on writing books and plays.

### Childish fantasy

THIS week his new play, "The White Countess," has not been cheered in Dublin. And his new, "THE MAGICIANS" (Heinemann, 12s. 6d.), is no matter for cheering either.

It is all about a disappointed man, Sir Charles is a managing director without a company, kicking around on the loose. He meets bad Lord Mervil, who tries to employ Sir Charles. For, in addition to being a newspaper proprietor and a millionaire, Lord M. plans to market a wonder drug called "Sephman 18," which will produce rose-coloured dreams.

So far, just about as good as the worst of the works of the late John Buchan. But now, Perceck, Wayland, and Mervil, three wholly unconvincing magicians, enter the story.

They can make Sir Charles go to and fro in time, reliving incredibly boring scenes from his disenchanted life. And they are so beastly to bad Lord Mervil that he falls screaming to the floor. But all Lord M. can do in retaliation is to launch a "smear campaign" on Sir Charles.

And that, believe it or not, is all. After a lot of excessively tedious chat the magicians disappear. Sephman 18 is not marketed.

"After a few years," remarks Mr Priestley elsewhere in a foreword warning to his all, "the younger generation will

not take the trouble to read. In 10 years everybody instead of being half-witted will have become quarter-witted."

Well, this may well be true if our best-selling novelists continue to serve up this kind of childish, angry, crypto-philosophic fantasy.

### It charmed me

BUT cheer up! There is also this week **BLESS THIS HOUSE** (Michael Joseph, 12s. 6d.), by Miss Norah Loftis. This is a completely absorbing, unpretentious story about a great Elizabethan manor.

It was built "in the shape of an E" to please her Majesty by a bold, practical fellow named Rowledge. And we follow its history down the years to the 20th century when it becomes a much-haunted country club.

In Cromwellian times its woman owner is a proven witch. In the same century a Miss Whyman from the village buys it for £115. Oh, yes, plenty goes on at the old house before the 20th century, when a nice American whose middle name is Rowledge buys it for £5,000 and settles down in it happily with obvious matrimonial designs on another Miss Whyman from the village. Oh, yes. This book is a charmer, all right. And it charmed me right away from "What's My Line?"

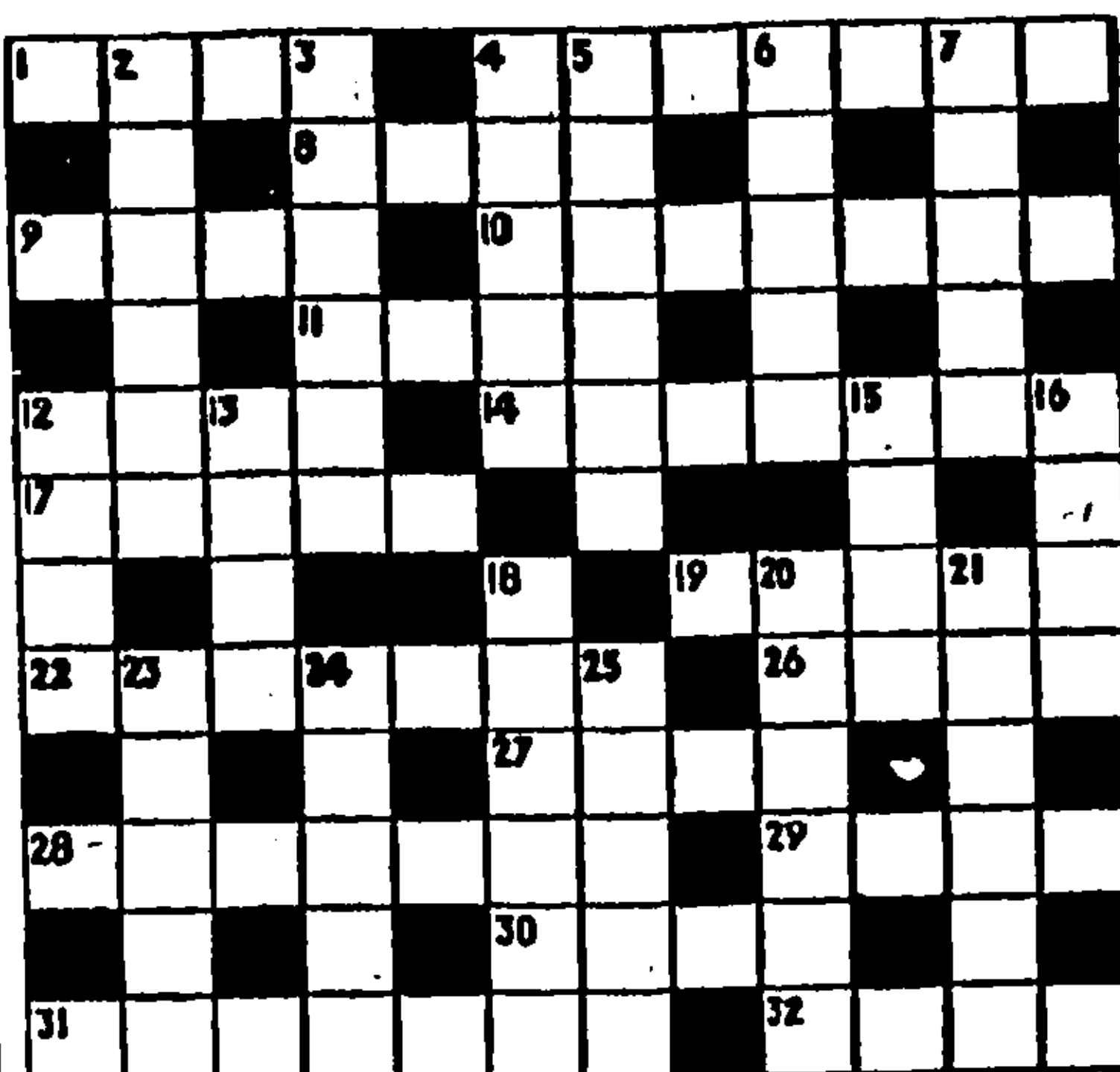
### Miss Tey's last

SO too did **MISS PYM DISPOSES** (Peter Davies, 9s. 6d.), a pleasant tale of murder, jealousy, and revenge in the hot house atmosphere of a ladies' physical training college, by the late Miss Josephine Tey, who died in 1952 in her 40s. Her real name was Elizabeth Mackintosh.

Under her other pen name of Gordon Daviot she made theatrical history in the 30's, with the famous period play "Richard of Bordeaux." Her works consist of six first-rate detective stories, several volumes of plays, and an historical novel.

We shall never be able to find a new Josephine Tey title in the library. But meanwhile we have this one, for which I am truly thankful.

## A British Crossword Puzzle



### ACROSS:

- 1 Volcanic discharge (4).
- 2 Approach road (6).
- 3 Entertained (6).
- 4 Rescued (5).
- 5 Joined (6).
- 6 Throb (5).
- 7 Chastised (5).
- 8 Harvest (4).
- 9 Hurry (4).
- 10 Midday (4).
- 11 Scullinise (4).
- 12 Sofa (6).
- 13 Forced (6).
- 14 Up-to-date (6).
- 15 Rascal (5).
- 16 Glutted (5).
- 17 Exploits (5).

### DOWN:

- 1 White Countess (4).
- 2 Lament (4).
- 3 Dandy (4).
- 4 Intense (7).
- 5 Animal fat (4).
- 6 Heal (4).
- 7 Protects (7).
- 8 Prepared (5).
- 9 Scent (5).
- 10 Urged (7).
- 11 Before long (4).
- 12 Expression (4).
- 13 Stir up (7).
- 14 Flitting (4).
- 15 Border (4).
- 16 Interferes (7).
- 17 Finished (4).

**YESTERDAY'S CROSSWORD:** Across: 1 Copies, 5 Cedar, 8 Rival, 9 Unison, 10 Boils, 11 Scrap, 12 Tact, 13 Rests, 16 Arrest, 18 Street, 20 Rises, 22 Fuss, 23 Newer, 26 Clean, 28 Dogged, 27 Carol, 29 Steel, 29 Sewers. Down: 1 Courtier, 2 Princess, 3 Eros, 4 Sincere, 5 Cabaret, 6 Elopes, 7 Allot, 14 Struggle, 15 Subsidies, 16 Arsenal, 17 Reredos, 19 Tenace, 21 Inlet, 24 Rojo.

## PARADE

### MARILYN MOORE

The art of British sculptor Henry Moore is a debatable subject. Some consider his works above price; others assert that Jupiter, lost loose around his home with hammer and chisel, could produce something better.

Last week, Manchester City Council decided by a close vote (48-40) that they didn't want anything of Henry Moore—at least not in the shape of a bronze draped female torso costing £750. And that some, apparently, preferred Marilyn Monroe.

The 36-inches high bronze, they thought, gained nothing by its hollows, logginess and headlessness. It did not even suggest a grace that was lost.

Councillor Henry Stockdale had the courage to say outright it was not exactly a thing of beauty.

The torso, however, had its champion. Councillor Walter Blinn: "I know some critics are readers of the more profusely illustrated papers and see pictures of Marilyn Monroe as being christened Marilyn."

Retorted portly Alderman Edward Pheny: "Is he suggesting that Marilyn Monroe is not a work of art?"

Regrettably, as other Councillors thought, Mr Blinn did not commit himself on this subject. He did, however, succeed in sponsoring the torso's delectable charms to the extent that it was decided that the Council's Art Committee should at next month's meeting submit a report explaining just why they think the bronze should be bought.

### A SAINT FOR YOUR TEETH

Tens of thousands of Italians have just been filling their churches to pray for their teeth. The occasion: the Feast of St. Apollonia, patron saint of dentists and toothache sufferers. Many Italians with perfectly sound teeth lit candles for St. Apollonia in the belief that by doing so their teeth would stay that way.

Altogether, the Italian calendar is full of similar feast days for Saints whose duties are unfamiliar elsewhere. Convicts appeal to St. Barbara on December 4 to help them mend their ways or even get out of prison.

Chunks have their protector in St. Pupa, while skaters, both ice and roller, believe they are protected by candles to St. Lidwina. Even the animals are not neglected. Dogs have their (Saint) Day on August 10, while St. Dominick watches over serpents.

What is more, there is usually a good reason why the Saints

have been chosen. Saint Apollonia, for instance, was tortured and burnt at the stake in the middle of the third century for confessing her Christian faith. Before she died all her teeth were extracted.

### NOBODY CALLED NOW

Other names now fallen into disuse are Siegfried and Brunhilde. In fact, the whole string of Germanic names popular under the Nazis is now almost verboten today. Instead the latest generation of Germans is being christened after a galaxy of film stars.

After the showing of a Rita Hayworth film in Frankfurt recently the Registrar's office was besieged by parents determined to name their daughters Rita. Now there is a new even later trend. Hundreds of babies are being christened Marilyn.

As German parents still like to give their children four or more first names, this allows them considerable scope.

Also it is not so easy to change surnames, and it would not be surprising to find in the top-heavy Germany of today a young Rita Marilyn Jane Hitler!

### HOUSEWIVES' CHOICE

Kippers, juicy and coloured, have for decades firmly held second place to bacon and eggs as an Englishman's traditional breakfast.

Then, after the war, the kipper lost some of its friends. No longer was the kipper cured in the smoke of oak chips, and it lost some of its colour as a brownish dye seeped onto the plate.

Just now, the housewife, who previously termed the kipper a worthy stand-by, is deserting it for other breakfast foods.

And the kipper and herring trades are worried.

Their experts are investigating methods of producing a tastier dish.

As a start, they suggest that curing kilns should be fitted with smoke metres to ensure that every kipper gets its fair share of smoke. And they are experimenting with different types of wood chips to see whether their smoke will give the same flavour as that of the traditional oak—now scarce.

One fact the trade has discovered.

The British housewife, with more housekeeping money than ever before and more variety in the shops than for many years, will no longer accept second best.

### LOST IN THE POST 58 YEARS

A magazine posted to the chairman of a parish council on November 11, 1895 has just been received. Churchdown, Gloucestershire, Parish Council at a recent meeting was shown the magazine, The County Council Times, by a member of the Council, the Rev. F. Cherrington, at whose house it had eventually been delivered.

Addressed to the chairman of the parish council, the wrapper bore an orange halfpenny Victorian stamp, franked in London in 1895. The package had apparently arrived at Gloucester on February 14, 1954, but there were no indications to throw where it had been during the 58 years since it was posted. The magazine, printed by O. Hams Press on November 8, 1895, is still in perfect condition. The Gloucester post office is unable to throw any light on the matter. The package had been postmarked on the opposite side from the stamp, the age of which was apparently unnoticed.

### BACK TO THE GERMANS FATHERLAND

French Foreign Legion at the end of the war rather than surrender to the Allies are now deserting the Legion and slipping back to the Fatherland.

The latest batch of deserters was discovered by the Cyprus police when a German freighter called at the Cyprian port of Famagusta a few days ago. On board were two German stowaways who had given themselves up two days earlier to the Foreign Legion base at Algiers.

Said the skipper: "This is the fifth time I have found German Legionnaires stowing away on my ship and other ships have had similar experiences."

The two stowaways in this case were a Lance Corporal and a Private, who explained that they had joined the Legion to avoid surrender and also to avoid the capture of their ship. "The ship will now be taken to a German port and handed over to the German Navy," said the skipper.

## VIGNETTES OF LIFE

## Unsung Heroines

BY HARRY WEINERT

THE HUSBAND WHO IS ALWAYS LOOKING FOR DUST AND WHEN HE FINDS IT, INSTEAD OF WIPING IT UP, GOES AROUND WITH AN INJURED AIR.



THE WIFE WHO SPENDS HER EVENINGS LISTENING TO A SYMPHONY OF RESPIRATORY ERUPTIONS.



STEPPING OUT—THE FASHION PLATE WHO TAKES HIS TIME GETTING DRESSED WHILE HIS SPOUSE IS DOING THE DISHES—GIVES HER TEN MINUTES, AND THEN:



THE GAL WHO LISTENS TO HUSBY'S OLD JOKES OVER AND OVER AGAIN AND LAUGHS AS THOUGH THEY WERE FRESH FROM THE JOKE WORKS.

"SORRY, DEAR—I'LL BE MORE CAREFUL—"



THE HEROINE WHO PUTS UP WITH THIS EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT—AND WHAT'S EVEN MORE HEROIC, NEVER SLIPS HER SHOES OFF ALL EVENING.



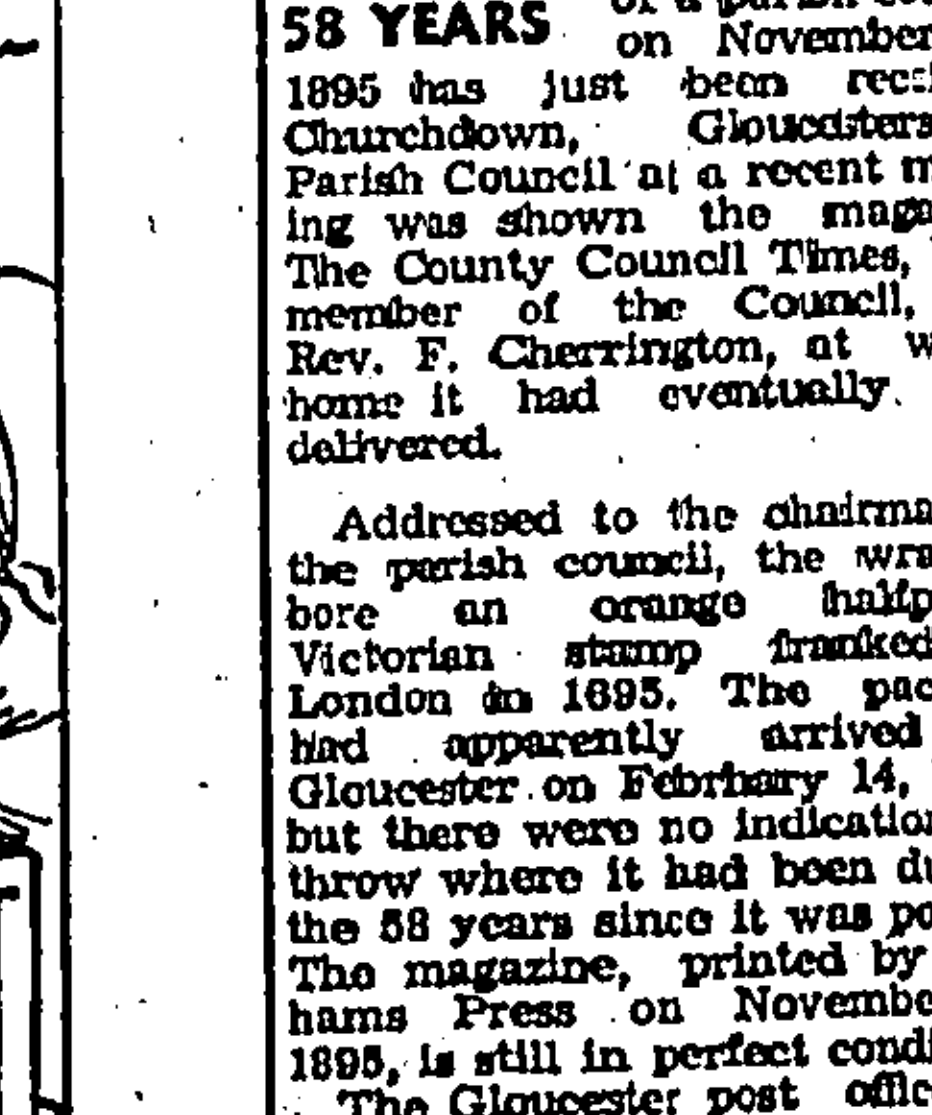
"THE WRONG ACE—BLAH—BLAH—"



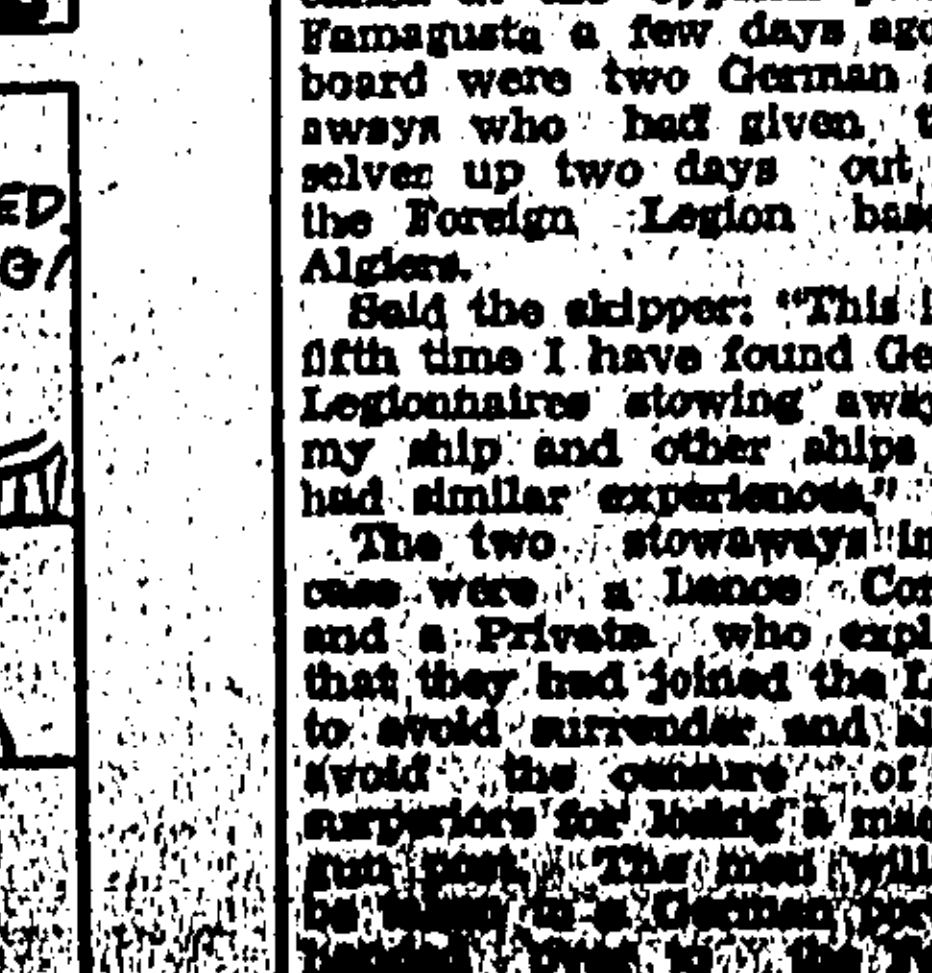
"GOSH—DIDN'T YOU IRON MY GREEN SHIRT? I'VE GOT ON GREEN SOCKS—I CAN'T WEAR—ETC."



"NOTICE ANYTHING?"



"YEAH—IT STOPPED SNOWING!"









# THE CHINA MAIL'S WEEKEND LOCAL SPORTS PARADE

## SATURDAY SOCCER SPOT

# Let's Not Waste Mr Sneddon's Wide Experience

By I. M. MacTAVISH

This has been a most important week for local soccer. On the legislative side many outstanding points have been cleared. The responsibility for cancellations of games 'in the Valley'; the question of eligibility for the Asian Games; the desirability of playing double-headers involving First Division games; all these points have been discussed and acceptable explanations given or agreements reached. . . . but underlying the whole week's work there is one important theme that has not been given the driving publicity it deserves.

You may remember a famous popular song 'I took my harp to a party but nobody asked me to play'. . . well I sincerely hope, that for the good of football in Hongkong a similar situation does not arise as far as Mr Tom Sneddon, the new official coach of the HKFA, is concerned.

Mr Sneddon is a footballer of long experience and in the years since he gave up active playing he has devoted all his time to the business of coaching. HE HAS A WEALTH OF INFORMATION TO OFFER TO OUR FOOTBALL AFFAIRS. HE CAN MAKE A MOST SIGNIFICANT CONTRIBUTION TO THE OVERALL IMPROVEMENT OF OUR GAME. PROVIDED HE GETS THE CHANCE. THOSE TO WHOM HIS SERVICES ARE AVAILABLE MUST BE ENCOURAGED TO MAKE FULL USE OF HIS TALENTS.

The new coach has had first hand knowledge of football under the most competitive conditions. There is very little about the game that he does not know and he can set many young players on the correct road to a career proficiency.

Apart from his work with the Colony representative teams, Mr Sneddon's services are available to Clubs and schools and it will be a sad reflection on our indifference to material progress if his ability is not turned to good practical use.

### CONVERSATION PIECE

One of the conversation pieces of the week has centered on the winning goal which took South China to victory over KMB last Saturday. When this goal was scored a South China player was already in the back of the net.

It will be recalled that a similar situation has already arisen twice this season—one in the Kowloon-Hongkong series and once in the Royal Navy-Army game at Causeway Bay—and each time the referee (the same one on both occasions) disallowed a goal.

The importance of the goal in the South China-KMB game is that it may in the end be the deciding factor in this year's Championship. . . but no less important was the one which was disallowed in the Army-Navy game.

It may well be that at the end of the season we shall look back on these incidents and realise just how much the varied interpretations of similar situations by different referees have influenced the ultimate destination of the Championship title.

### MUCH SPECULATION

There has been much speculation and discussion down the 'Soccer Alley' on the standard of play served up in the recent KMB-Kitechee game at Caroline Hill.

Strange, wild and vague accusations are being made in many quarters and there can be no doubt that there is cause for concern when top-class footballers turn in displays so aimless and utterly futile as those served up by the Kitechee and KMB players last Tuesday.

On several occasions this season we have noticed that top line attractions have fallen flat, and that teams have failed completely to reproduce any semblance of their true form. . .

but from a study of expert opinions on this most recent 'fiasco' it would appear that an all time low has now been reached.

It was recently claimed that you cannot fool the Chinese soccer fans. I believe the actual term was that they knew their 'soccer onions'. Well I'd like to see just a step further, and say that from the decisive reactions of the capacity crowd last Tuesday they also know when 'football is not cricket'. If you know what I mean.

### MOST INTERESTING

The defeat of KMB, the Kitechee-KMB draw, and the defeat of South China by the RAF have opened up the League Championship position and have made the closing stages of the race most interesting indeed.

From a study of the position it is obvious that KMB are in the most favourable position, but any repeat of the form they showed against Kitechee could see them going down to some of the teams they still have to meet.

Relatively they are two points better off than the Army and one better off than South China, but with form fluctuating it could well turn out that as far as the Army is concerned 'a hand in the hand' is more important than points to come from outstanding games.

The Soldiers still have to meet South China and Kitechee in return games, and if KMB fail to regain their genuine form, victory in these two games could place them in a very strong position.

In spite of their poor showing against the RAF, South China are by no means out of the race and a win over the Army on March 31 could revive their flagging hopes.

### WEEK-END GAMES

There is a mixed programme of first class games this week but with the Manila eleven to add variety to our soccer entertainment there should be plenty to keep the fans interested. Here is the full programme:—

**Today**  
Police vs. South China at Boundary Street, 4.30 p.m.  
Eastern vs. Navy at Navy Ground, 4.30 p.m.

**Tomorrow**  
All Hongkong vs. Manila at Club Stadium, 4 p.m.

**Monday**  
H.K. Selection vs. Manila at Club Stadium, 4.30 p.m.

**Thursday**  
Combined Chinese vs. Manila at Club Stadium, 4.30 p.m.  
This afternoon South China are on dangerous ground at Boundary Street where the Police team has recently shown that it is a most difficult side to beat.

However, on the beautiful turf the South China boys may well find their top form and while the Police may give them a rough game I think the Champions will emerge narrow winners.

## SPORTING SAM

By Reg. Wootton



## WEEK-END SOFTBALL

# Pandas Should Repeat Their First Round Victory Over The Braves

Says "SNOOPER"

Softball fans will remember Jackie Wei's Pandas who whipped Ed Carvalho's Braves 3-0 a few months ago in the first round encounter to gain what I consider to be one of the greatest Pandas' victories in the Senior "A" League.

There is a good chance that the Pandas may repeat this winning performance when the two teams clash on Sunday at 2 p.m. at King's Park to consolidate their position for second place in the Loop.

Think for a moment of the Pandas' side: Pitcher Jackie Wei; catcher Raymond Tsao; first baseman Harold Tsang; second baseman Willie Woo; third baseman Wally Ma; shortstop Y.S. Liang; left fielder Allen Cheng; centre fielder S.S. Ito; right fielder Benny Fan.

In my opinion, this is a magnificent ball team and although they had not the luck to lower the Saints' colours a fortnight ago, the Pandas are capable of beating the Braves again tomorrow.

If the Braves want an exhibition of quality softball to match the Pandas' skill, they will have to send in their best players and the kind of team I should like to see sent in is as follows:— Pitcher Jock Brown; catcher Manuel Gutierrez; first baseman Calau Yvanovich; second baseman Hank Killean; third baseman Junior Remedios; left fielder Dick Chavez; centre fielder Spike Gutierrez; right fielder Bui Dhabber.

**BATTING PERFORMANCES**  
Three players will have much at stake in this tussle. They are shortstop Y.S. Liang, of the Pandas, Calau Yvanovich and Bui Dhabber of the Braves who are well in the running for the Senior "A" Batting Championship. In view of the strong pitching opposition, their task of accomplishing a hit is not an easy one.

The Pandas-Braves game itself promises to be a super one, and with both teams in good form, the margin of victory is expected to be slim. The case of the Pandas as far as pitcher Jackie Wei is concerned brings up another point.

Wei, who is most difficult to hit in the first four innings, proves easy victim to heavy batters after the fourth and this weakness has been the Pandas' downfall. The problem is a simple one. Second baseman Willie Woo is a good standby and he can be developed into a reliable moundsman should Wei be fatigued by his exertions in the four innings.

As several of the Braves' players will be on holiday duty later in the afternoon, the Pandas-Braves tilt, originally scheduled for 3.30 p.m., has now been set for 2 p.m. The Chinese Athletic Association meet South China at 3.30 p.m.

Jindoo Hussain's Saints, who regained the Pennant last week-end with an 8-6 triumph over Mark Kwong's Chinese Athletic Association, will not be seen in action tomorrow but they will be given stern opposition in their final League commitment against the Braves.

This will be a grudge battle between the Saints and the Braves and manager Ed Carvalho will be highly satisfied should the Braves beat both the Saints in their remaining fixtures to tie with CAA for second position in the final standings.

**ARRAY OF SLUGGERS**  
The US Navy, shortstop fifth spot with Alfredo Oliveira's

Warriors, will be given a golden opportunity to advance when the globe meet the relegation-conscious Rexes outfit tomorrow. The US Navy, represented by the USS Montague, have an array of heavy sluggers in the team. This was amply demonstrated in their debut against the Warriors last Sunday when they exhibit their opponents.

Lack of practice was the main factor in the Montague's downfall last week, but their 9-7 setback to the Warriors was no indication of their softball calibre. Like their predecessors the USS Orca and the USS Cockrell, who settled down to first-class softball in the later junctures of the League, the USS Montague are capable of dishing out quality softball once they settle down to play a serious game.

### SENIOR "B" PLAY-OFF

Of the three teams in the Senior "B" Pennant race, Bob Suzman's Americans, Bill Silva's Delawares and Jimmy Herriek's Pandas—only the Americans will be marking time this week-end after their excellent 6-5 win over the Pandas last Sunday after two extra innings.

The Pandas must clearly do something more in their own interests and soon if an end to their Pennant prospects is to be avoided. If they can field anything approaching their full-strength team they are capable of beating the Delawares in the crucial encounter, but another setback will automatically push them out of the Championship race.

In the Senior Ladies' Play-off, the champion Wahoes "A" meet Pearl Chan's Fardettes in the first round clash, and main interest will be centred on Terry Noronha's and Irene Starkey's batting performances. The two Wahoes softballers have the best prospects of winning the Ladies' batting title this season.

South China, with two victories over the Wahoes "B" recently, are strongly favoured to beat the Chinese Athletic Association in the Junior Ladies' Play-off game.

The Chinese Athletic Association, who registered their initial win of the season on a walkover by the Wahoes "B" last Sunday, still have a long way to travel to become a good ball team.

### TODAY'S GAMES

Four Junior League games are down for decision this afternoon. The Chinese Athletic Association, who have virtually won the Junior League Pennant, should not encounter much difficulty in beating the Rookies while the Pandas should beat the 25 Gunners by a comfortable margin.

The best game of the afternoon will be the tussle between the Maumaus and the PI Dodgers. This should develop into a pitching duel and the team that is steeper in fielding should collect full points.

In the last game, the Comets gave an edge over the CAA second stringers but an upset victory by the CAA rookies is not unlikely.

### HOW THEY STAND

Following are the up-to-date standings:

Senior "A"				
	P.	W.	L.	Avg.
Saints	13	11	2	.846
CAA	12	8	4	.666
Pandas	11	7	4	.636
Braves	11	7	4	.636
U.S. Navy	13	5	8	.384
Warriors	13	5	8	.384
SCAA	10	3	7	.300
Rexes	11	1	10	.091

### Senior "B"

Play-off Series

Americans	1	1	0	1.000
Pandas	1	0	1	.000
Delawares	x	x	x	xxx

### Junior League

CAA (1)	14	13	1	.928
Pandas	15	13	2	.866
PI Dodgers	15	9	6	.600
Maumaus	13	7	6	.538
Comets	13	6	7	.464
CAA (2)	13	4	9	.307
25 Gunners	12	3	9	.250
Cubs	15	3	12	.200
Rookies	13	2	11	.153

### Ladies' League

Play-off Series

Collecens	4	4	0	1.000
Pandas	2	0	2	.000
Wahoes "A"	2	0	2	.000

### Junior

South China	2	2	0	1.000
CAA	2	1	1	.500
Wahoes "B"	4	1	3	.250

# AIRMEN AND BANK SHOULD REACH SEVENS FINAL

Says "PAK LO"

This afternoon's rugby brings not only the finals of the Blarney Stone Seven-a-Side Tournament, but also the end of the rugby season, with only tomorrow's game at 4.30 p.m. between the Royal Australian Air Force team and the Gunners at Kai Tak outstanding.

The Sevens this afternoon start at 3.00 p.m. and will be played on the Club Ground at Happy Valley. The first game is between RAF (Kai Tak) "A" and the H.K. Signal Regt.

So far RAF (Kai Tak) have looked the better side, and it is a pity that Mildon is still unfit to play. As it is I expect the Airmen to reach the final without too much trouble. The Signals might become the giant killers of the Tournament, but it is not very likely.

The second game starts at 3.20 p.m., and this will be a battle between two evenly matched teams. On Wednesday afternoon the 27th were without their scrum half, and it is unlikely that he will be playing today. This could make a difference.

However, they have Wright who has turned out to be the best kicker in the Sevens, and given the slightest chance he usually converts their tries. The Welch "A" on the other hand, have steadily improved throughout the Tournament and last Wednesday looked better than their "B" team for the first time. All in all, I think that the 27th will win, but only just.

The third game at 3.40 p.m. is between the Old Crocks and Welch "B" and in this case I have no hesitation in favouring the Old Crocks, who have a fast enough three line and plenty of skill and know how throughout the whole team. No doubt the Welch "B" will let them know they have been in a hard game, but I cannot see the Welch winning.

The last game of the quarter finals is at 4.00 p.m., and this brings together the Club "A" and Wayfoong. Though both have slight weaknesses, Club "A" is definitely weaker in its three line, where only Roberts has shone so far.

Wayfoong have both Petrie and Craig the three and this combination should put paid to the Club's chances.

### SEMI-FINALS

The semi-finals start at 4.20 p.m. According to my calculations, the first match will be between RAF (Kai Tak) and the 27th Lt. Bty. and in this game again the Airmen should come out on top. They will have had a longer rest than the 27th and in these Sevens this is an important factor.

The other semi-final should be between the Old Crocks and Wayfoong, and will start at

4.45 p.m. This should be a struggle of the giants and Wayfoong will only have had 25 minutes rest.

However, they are the younger team by quite a considerable margin and this should make little difference to them. I think the Bank boys should win.

This brings us to the Final to be played off at 5.45 p.m., and here I expect the RAF to meet the Bank. In this game the time played is ten minutes each way instead of the usual seven minutes each way, and the Airmen with the longer rest between games should gain a decided advantage from this. I think they will win the game out better than Wayfoong and win.

Although this appears to make the RAF team the winners, it must be remembered that in these Sevens any single game can easily be altered by a single try.

# SPORTS SURVEY

By "All-Rounder"

## THE BARTRAM SAGA

Amid all the champagne celebrations in honour of Sam Bartram, the Charlton goalkeeper for having made his 500th appearance in goal for his club, it was not generally realised that when he and the rival Portsmouth captain took the field they had between them played 818 League games, 718 of which the Pompey left half, was making his 310th appearance.

Moreover, Bartram stresses that his own 500 is for League matches alone. Cup-ties and friendlies bring the total over 700 and if the war had not taken six valuable playing years out of his career, it would have been around the thousand mark and would have well matched the record of Billy Meredith, the Welsh international outside-right, who made 887 League appearances, but not with the same club. There were 554 with Manchester City and 303 with Manchester United.

Bartram is particularly anxious to complete the 1955 season with Charlton, for it will then be the club's golden jubilee and Sam's 21st anniversary in their service.

What of the beginning of the illustrious Bartram saga? Back in 1934, Samuel failed a trial in wing-half-back with Reading and was awarded 14s. a week dole at Boldon Colliery, Durham, when Anthony Seed, brother of the Charlton manager, Jimmy Seed, offered him a goalkeeper's chance at Charlton's Valley ground—a happy valley for him, so it proved.

Jimmy Seed was on his way to a funeral when he signed Bartram at the rate of £5 a week. Thereafter, reserve goalkeepers had a thankless task at Charlton waiting for a first-team chance, for Sam has missed remarkably few games since.

**SNOOKERED!** It is not so very long since promoters of big-time billiards and snooker tournaments were bemoaning the decline in the appeal of billiards and the rise of snooker in the affections of the masters of the game.

Now, it seems, the reverse is becoming apparent. Take, for instance, Fred Davis and Walter Donaldson, who have met in eight successive world professional snooker championship finals since 1947.

Walter says he will not enter again; Fred is doubtful of competing next year. Donaldson says that professional snooker, which requires long hours of practice, is slowly dying and is not a good paying proposition, insisting that some young professionals are lucky to be earning £10 a week at it. He thinks there will be more future for him in his pig farm business.

Davis finds professional snooker so lacking in security that he could not look forward to a comfortable retirement without some other business interest. He says that the constant practice and concentration needed to keep in snooker form conflicts too much with outside interests.

# NULLABOR IS NOT CERTAIN RUNNER IN "LINCOLN"

Ronald Smyth comes from the most famous of Epsom racing families. Always his horses are turned out in immaculate condition.

He has been training only five years, yet the string numbers 39, about the same as last year, with 20 two-year-olds.

Nullabor is the "Lincoln" hope. He has not been able to do much work because of the hard winter, and it would be wrong to assume he is a certain runner.

Much depends on the weather, and it would be advisable for those who fancy him wait for the day. In any case he has to prove his ability to stay a mile, and soft ground would count against him.

Master Star is a three-year-old being prepared for early engagements. Very fit, he is sure to be skilfully placed.

Westonform is a stayer who will be taking on the best this season—at any rate to begin with—and if the older stayers fall, he will be there fit and fabled.

Eastern Imp had a fine record on hard ground last year and has gone up in the weights. He does not quite get six furlongs in a fast-run race but nothing can beat him over four furlongs. He is sure to be placed to win again and have a successful season.

### FAYS HIS WAY

Harrold has a Sandown hurdling engagement before the but this stayer can act in both roles, and always pays his way.

Radar Red, a more than useful 6 and 7 furlongs hand-capper who has done really well since last year, will enjoy a successful season.

Hocumare (Neuro - Wood-flower) cost 4,400 guineas and is the stable hope in the colts classics. He split a postern last April and has never run. Before that, the trainer thought a good deal of him.

He was given the whole year to recuperate and the policy is likely to pay handsome dividends. He is now a most attractive individual and will first see a racecourse in the classic trial at the Kempton Easter meeting.

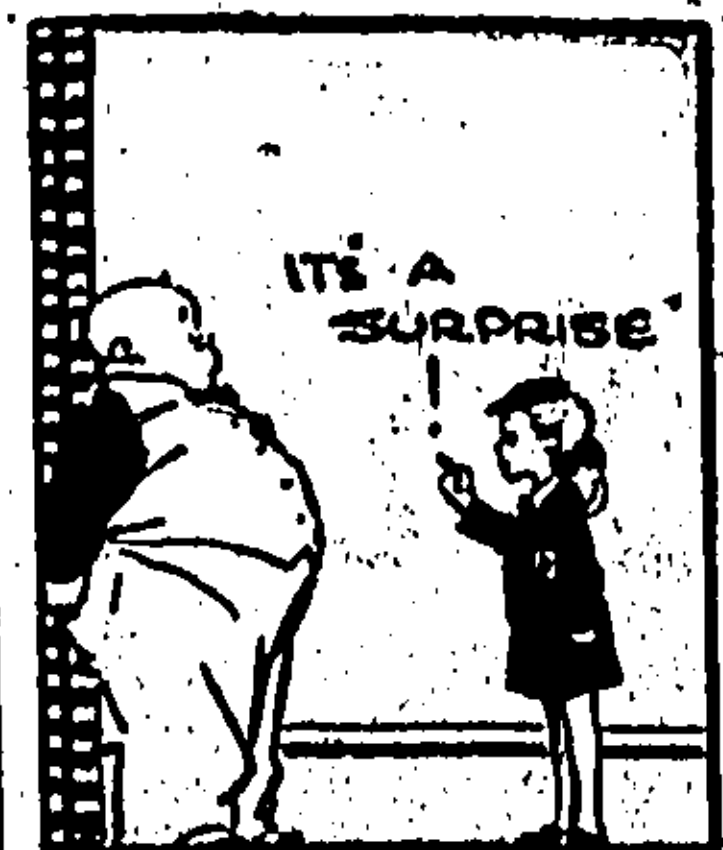
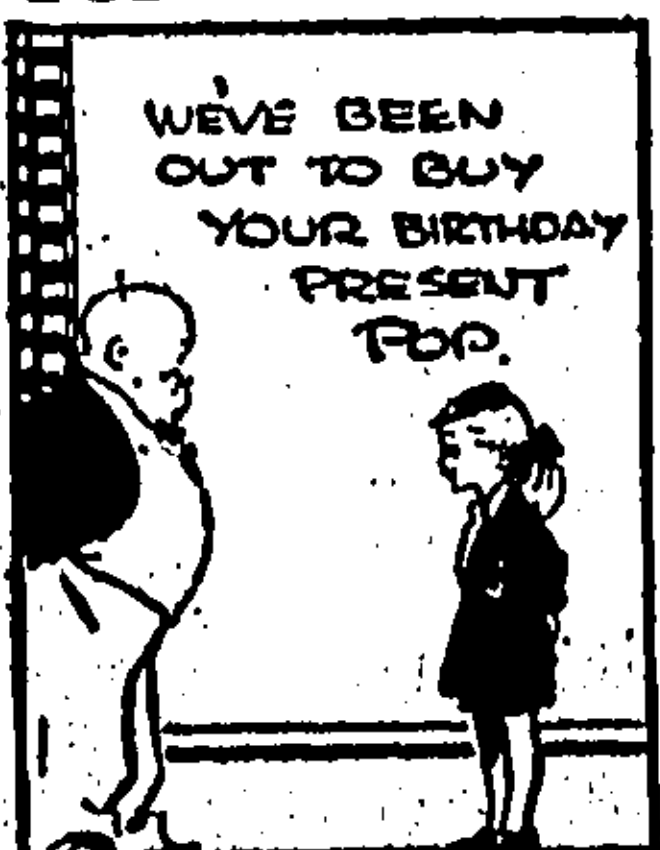
Solar Express, a Baya/roo colt, was backwired last season, but has good looks and a powerful physique to recommend him to paddock critics.

### IN RIGHT CLASS

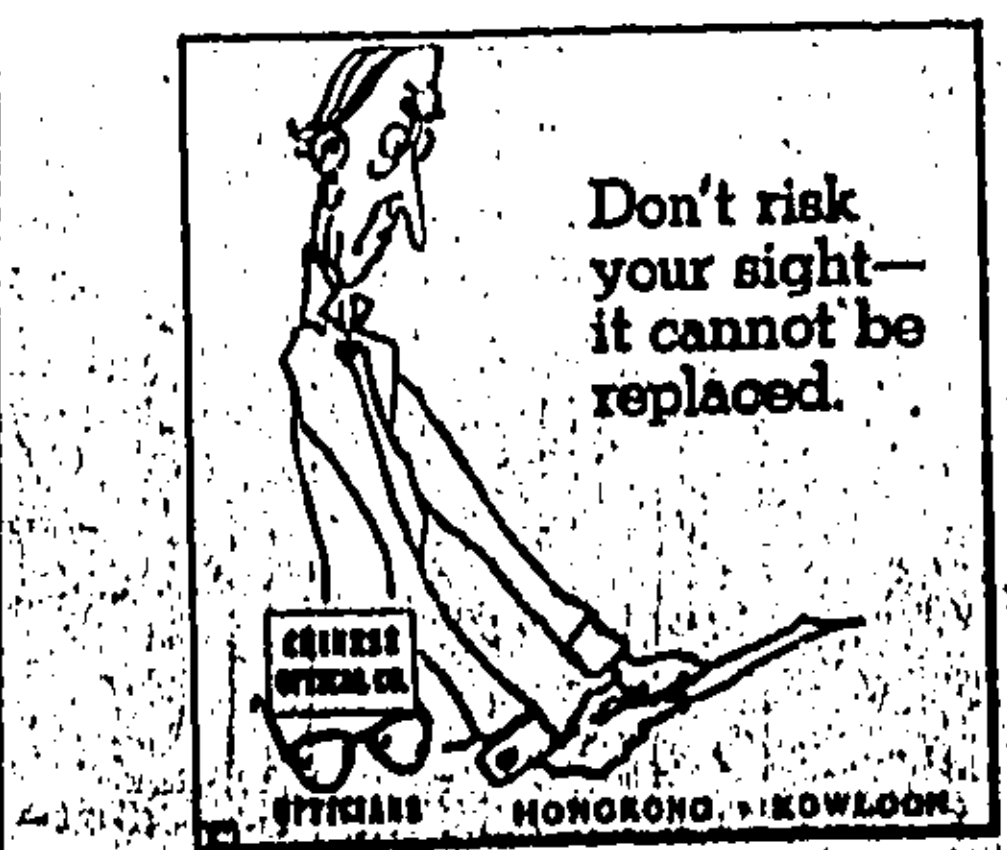
For the filly classics, the stable has Madonnella, a daughter of Donatello II, who joined the stable last September. The two-year-old, numbering twenty, were bought cheaply last year with Prince Tom's brother, the most expensive at 1,000 guineas.

Whatever their fate, they will be placed in their right class, which is one of the attractions of following horses from this extremely well-run stable. —(London Express Service)

## POP



## Forewarned





# Pratesi Fights To Keep Promise

By HAROLD MAYES

Honore Pratesi was a pretty good little fighter. Boxing enthusiasts saw plenty of the young Frenchman in the 1951-52 period, and London's Albert Hall customers still remember his last fight.

After referee Jack Hart had given the decision against him in a contest with the Zulu wonder-boy, Jack Tull, Pratesi stamped his way around the ring in protest, considering he had won.

Twenty minutes later he collapsed in his dressing-room. Two days afterwards he died in hospital from brain haemorrhage, before his wife had arrived from Marseilles. She had always tried to prevent her husband fighting. Few people knew that he continued with his ring career only because he wanted to earn cash to pay for treatment for an invalid son.

When Madame Pratesi arrived at London Airport, unaware of Honore's death, she was taken to the V.I.P. lounge, where the news was broken to her. Comforting her was her brother-in-law, Hilaire Pratesi, a lad of 21, who must have been undergoing considerable mental turmoil.

For he, too, was a professional fighter—with just one contest under his belt.

In these circumstances the urge to continue might not have been strong, and that would have been understandable. But he knew that thenceforward the greatest difficulty of his sister-in-law would be providing for the needs of her young boy.

Quietly he told her: "Don't worry, I give you my word that I will do all that is necessary, and I will fight to earn the money."

Now in France they idolise him, because he has kept his word. In going to this last fight, who will be 23 later this month, has built up a record of 18 fights without defeat, a large percentage of

these successes being gained by the kno route.

I bring him to your notice because, although he hasn't fought in Britain yet, you're bound to be seeing him pretty soon. When he arrives our banterweights will be advised not to treat him lightly.

He isn't the first bantam from France of whom I've given you advance notice. In Belfast I saw Robert Cohen shatter Belfast's pride and joy, John Kelly. More than 14 months ago, before anyone else had much to mention, he had pocketed battlement over here, I wrote:

"They rave about all sorts of things in France, but just now the boxing world of Paris is a little Jewish fighter from Oran by the name of Robert Cohen."

Well, that was fair warning, wasn't it? How I wish the advice of Kelly had heeded it, and then we would have been spared the sight of a brave little boy being mercilessly punished, almost beyond the limits of endurance.

MAKE IT 23

Oh! The folly of pushing them too quickly!

It poses the question as to whether the ripe old age of 21 is a proper one for our fighters to be allowed to take part in the contests. Kelly was European champion, having beaten Scotland's Peter Keenan, and as such was obviously to be expected to fight the best from the rest of the world.

With the shortage of real talent in Britain, a really promising youngster can box himself out of opposition, and, indeed, win a title long before he is really fitted for it. That's why so many of our stars are dimmed when they meet fighters from overseas.

I'd go so far as to say that the British Boxing Board of Control should raise the title age to 23. It's possible to cite many cases in justification, but surely it isn't necessary to go beyond what has recently happened to Kelly and to featherweight Sammy McCarthy to prove my point.

I could not help noticing the difference in the British and the Continental approach to such problems when I was talking to one of the Cohen party.

I told him that, on his Belfast showing, I didn't think Cohen would be unduly troubled in disposing of Australian Jimmy Carruthers of the world title.

To a British manager in the flush of excitement following such a crushing victory as Cohen had gained, a statement of that kind would have sounded as music to the ear.

COPY THIS!

Even though his fighter might not be ready, I feel that a British manager would have been the last to admit it. But the man talking for Cohen replied:

"Wait. There is no hurry. He's good. But he punches with his hands wide apart. Perhaps he is too open for Carruthers."

That indicates that the people behind Cohen are aware of shortcomings which may not even exist. If the same approach were made with British fighters I think there would be fewer heartaches for boxers, managers, promoters, and customers—for they take it on the chin, too, when they see their hopes destroyed.

## SPORTS EXTRA!

Chapter 3\* in "I See It All" by GIL MERRICK, of Birmingham City and England

MORE and more players are trying to introduce the element of surprise into their game nowadays.

I recall playing against Everton when they were awarded a free kick in the middle and within a few yards of the edge of the penalty box.

Peter Farrell grabbed the ball and bent down to put it on the ground as though he was placing the ball to take a kick.

The manner in which he prepared to do this and the fact that another standing so unusually near to him made me think straight away "something is on here."

Sure enough, Farrell flicked the ball a yard to one side and, in almost the same action, the second player shot the moving ball. It was well done but the shot was wide.

### UNUSUAL

MANY of you will remember an unusual photograph taken during a "Spurs" v. Crystal Palace F.A. Cup tie. Palace showing nearly all the goalkeeper on the goal line blocking the whole front of the net.

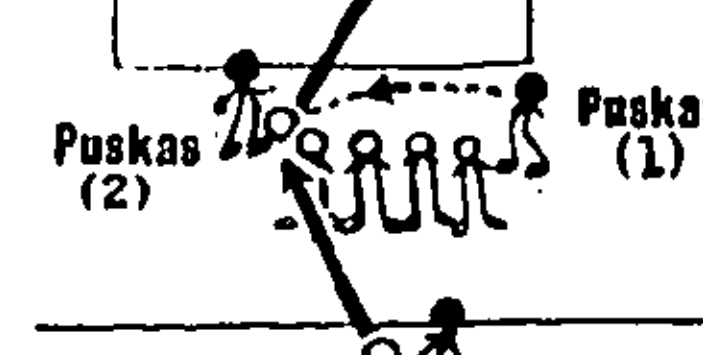
They were, of course, taking defensive action against an indirect free kick.

George Robb, of Finchley, now a "Spurs" winger, scored with a shot that went off a defender's leg.

Tough on the defenders, perhaps, but they had no option but to take up the position they did because the indirect free kick was awarded less than ten yards from the net.

These indirect free kicks—and I am thinking of the sort in the penalty box—are a problem and a nuisance to all defenders.

Take an incident in the English v. Hungary match at Wembley. The Hungarians had a free kick on the edge of the penalty area in the inside-right position.



How Puskas tried to put me off at Wembley

A prearranged barrier was formed, and the player hit the ball wide and to the right of the barrier as I faced them.

As the right half ran up to take the free kick I spotted the skipper, Puskas, running across the face of the goal between myself and the barrier.

He was clearly moving to create a diversion and in an attempt to put me off I don't think for a minute that he intended to play the ball that was heading for wide of an upright. The kicker was aiming to score direct.

### THE FLUKE

THEN came the fluke that no one can do anything about. The ball caught Puskas on the back of the heel and was de-

\* From "I See It All" by Gil Merrick, to be published by Museum Press in August.

The Story Of England's Ace Goalkeeper

## The Tricks They Try On Me!

By GIL MERRICK



AND ROBB SCORED! This Crystal Palace barrier failed to prevent a goal from an indirect free kick.

flected on to the post and into the net.

Basically a goalkeeper should have no chance of saving a penalty kick. The reason, of course, is that since the goalkeeper must stand still he has only a split second to move towards a ball, hit hard from 12 yards away.

It was Portsmouth's hard shooting forward, Duggie Reid, who was really responsible for me making a detailed study of the whole subject of penalty taking and the possibilities of a goalkeeper saving penalty kicks.

In 1946 Portsmouth played Birmingham at St Andrew's in the first leg of an F.A. Cup tie. When Portsmouth were awarded a penalty Reid took the kick. He hit the ball right in the middle. At full stretch I punched the ball away and it went out of play on the far side of the field for a throw in!

About this time I had begun to analyse incidents in a game after the match, and it was in thinking about Reid's penalty and giving myself a pat on the back for having stopped a shot hit across me that the whole truth suddenly struck me.

From the angle that Reid ran at the ball and the power with which he hit, he had no alternative but to hit the ball to my right.

That set me thinking that if I studied a player's run up and action in kicking the ball rather than waiting for the ball in flight and depending on quickness of the eye to make a save, I should have a better chance of going the right way.

Within a month or so of my returning to my club from the Army a player joined us from Rath Rovers in Scotland, and he was the type who didn't need asking twice to join in any sort of practice involving a ball.

He was Jackie Stewart, our outside right, and he has helped me in almost every aspect of goalkeeping. I practised for hours with him.

### HOW I STARTED

I STARTED by getting him to tell me which side he would

put the ball, and then watching his action when he shot.

From there we advanced to him shooting without giving me any verbal indication of which side the ball would go.

Without being influenced, I could confirm in my own mind that I knew which way to dive by watching Stewart's action.

The result of this intensive work was that I gained more confidence than I ever thought was possible in facing penalty takers in actual match games.

The Continentals have proved their deep interest and study of the game in their high standard, planned play and it was the Hungarian-born Kubala, now a naturalised Spaniard, who, in the F.I.F.A. match at Wembley, showed me something new in the way of taking penalties.

When the referee gave the signal for him to take the kick he walked slowly up to the ball, almost on a side with his left shoulder pointing towards the post on my right-hand side.

When he was a stride away from the ball, he suddenly checked and suggested in his action that he was about to stoop to the ball and adjust it on the spot.

### I WAS PUZZLED

FOR a split second he had me wondering and thinking he might do that, but just as suddenly he straightened up and in the blink of an eye he hit the ball past my right hand side.

And how about this for trick penalty taking? I heard of a player in the 1952 Olympic Games in Helsinki who placed the ball on the spot, stood back, made a short run and then hit the ball by bringing his right foot behind his left leg (like Shackleton's trick passing effort)—and he had a reputation for never failing to score from the spot!

London Express Service.

## CHURCHTOWN BEST —IN A MUDDY GRAND NATIONAL

Says RICHARD BAERLEIN

Mrs Vincent O'Brien's Churchtown was once my idea of the ideal Grand National outsider. He can no longer be claimed to be an outsider, having joined the big four, Coneyburrow, Irish Lizard, Royal Tan and Tudor Line, in the betting, though he is still the outsider of this five.

Coneyburrow appears to have enhanced his Grand National handicapping at Naas, but although Churchtown beat him by two lengths and will meet him on 17th, worse terms in the "National," Churchtown can still defeat him again.

He has proved an out-and-out stayer, and the fact that he has now found enough speed to win over three miles shows that he is improving fast. The "chase" When these two last met, in the Leopardstown "Chase over three miles five furlongs, Churchtown, receiving 18lb., finished 10 lengths behind Coneyburrow.

FINISHED WELL Churchtown was finishing well that day and it was the first time in public that he gave the appearance of developing into a "National" horse. Since then he has gone from strength to strength.

Coneyburrow is likely to outjump him, but provided Churchtown is within 100 yards of him at the last fence, I think he is sure to run him out of it.

O'Brien is indeed lucky to have two "National" candidates with the ability of Royal Tan and Churchtown.

Although Royal Tan gave the most convincing Grand National trial we have seen this season, a large number of racegoers still want to oppose him.

ONLY 10 YEARS OLD They say that he has failed to take two chances and that an opportunity does not knock three times in the Aintree race.

However, Royal Tan is only 10 years old and, provided the going is not too heavy, I think it would be dangerous to oppose him at Liverpool simply on these grounds.

If it happens to be really muddy then I would naturally prefer his stable companion; otherwise I do not see how any one can leave out Royal Tan. It is indeed going to be hard

### LOOKING FOR SOME WATER

Life is a bit difficult for rowing enthusiasts in a city like BIRMINGHAM. There's the local University Rowing Club. You'd think all would be happy in the camp now that their first new boat is about to be delivered.

But no, its thirty members would be much more pleased if they could find a place where they could get a large amount of water. It is rather asking too much to get the scullers to travel 20 miles for each practice on the Severn at Bewdley, but the only alternative is the canal. And that presents problems.

First, it is very difficult to turn a boat round without capsizing, although weed-clearing fatigue parties are doing their best to alleviate the situation.

Secondly, it is rather tiresome when a crew is rowing flat out to have to try and negotiate the frequent canal bridges only 17ft. wide when the crew span 24ft. Cramps the style, to say the least.

## THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB NINTH RACE MEETING

Saturday 20th March & Saturday 27th March, 1954. (To be held under the Rules of the Hong Kong Jockey Club) THE PROGRAMME WILL CONSIST OF 10 RACES

The First Bell will be rung at 1.30 p.m. and the First Race run at 2.00 p.m. each day. The Secretary's Office at Alexandra House will close at 11.45 a.m. each day.

### MEMBERS' ENCLOSURE

THE 1954 SETS OF MEMBERS BADGES AND LADY'S BROOCHES WHICH ARE BEING ISSUED ARE NOT VALID UNTIL 1ST APRIL, 1954. THE 1953 SETS ARE VALID UNTIL THEN.

NO PERSON WITHOUT A BADGE WILL BE ADMITTED. All persons MUST wear their badges prominently displayed throughout the meeting.

Admission Badges at \$10.00 each per day are obtainable through the Secretary on the written or personal introduction of a Member, such member to be responsible for all visitors introduced by him.

Tickets will be obtainable at the Club House if ordered in advance from the No. 1 Boy (Tel. 72811).

NO CHILDREN will be admitted to the Club's premises during the Meeting. For this purpose a Child is a person under the age of seventeen years, Western standard.

### PUBLIC ENCLOSURE

The price of admission will be \$3.00 each per day payable at the Gate. Any person leaving the Enclosure will be required to pay the requisite fee of \$3.00 in order to gain re-admission.

MEALS & REFRESHMENTS will be obtainable in the RESTAURANT.

### SERVANTS

Servants must remain in their employer's boxes except for passing through on their duties. They may on no account use the Betting Booths in the Members' Betting Hall.

### CASH SWEEPS

The cost of a Through Ticket is \$38.00. Particular numbers within the series 1 to 4,000 may be reserved for all race meetings as Through Tickets. Such tickets will be issued consecutively only and the right is reserved by the Stewards to cancel any reservation for Through Tickets for a particular Meeting if it is found that sales may not reach the number reserved in the series 1 to 4,000.

Tickets reserved and available but not paid for by 10 a.m. on the day preceding the Race Meeting for which they are reserved will be sold and the reservation cancelled for future Meetings.

Tickets over 4,000 will also be issued consecutively but particular numbers cannot be reserved as Through Tickets.

The reservation of any particular number does not confer on the registered holder any rights whatsoever unless the ticket bearing the appropriate number is issued to and can be produced by the holder.

The Stewards reserve the right to refuse any subscription, also the right to remove any name from subscription lists without stating reasons for their action.

Cash Sweep Tickets on the last race of the 2nd Day (27th March) at \$2.00 each may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Offices at Queen's Building, (Chater Road), 5, D'Aguiar Street and 382 Nathan Road, during normal office hours and until 11.00 a.m. on that day.

Tickets for the Special Cash Sweep on the Hong Kong Derby scheduled to be run on 8th May, 1954, are now available. The cost of each ticket is \$2.00.

### TOTALISATOR

Backers are advised not to destroy or throw away their tickets until after the "all clear" signal has been exhibited. ALL WINNING TICKETS AND TICKETS FOR REFUNDS MUST BE PRESENTED FOR PAYMENT AT THE RACE COURSE ON THE DAY TO WHICH THEY REFER. NOT LATER THAN ONE HOUR AFTER THE TIME FOR WHICH THE LAST RACE OF THE DAY HAS BEEN SCHEDULED TO BE RUN.

PAYMENT WILL NOT BE MADE ON TORN OR DISFIGURED TICKETS.

Bookmakers, Tie Tac men, etc., will not be permitted to operate within the precincts of the Hong Kong Jockey Club.

By Order of the Stewards, J. M. L. Secretary.

## Athletic Training Suggested To Speed Up Footballers

By ARCHIE QUICK

Athleticism applied to football training is the suggestion put forward by Mr Stanley Tomlin for countering the overseas threat to British Soccer supremacy. And Mr Tomlin is authority enough to command attention for he is not only Championships Secretary of the Amateur Athletic Association but he is a former Three Miles Empire Games Champion and a prominent broadcaster.

"I saw the Hungarian match at Wembley," he told me "and I am certain that so far as football skill is concerned England are as good as anybody in the world. Why they lose is that they do not possess athletic balance. The Hungarians looked like acrobats. They were not; it was simply that they were trained on athletic lines and had football arts grafted to that."

"It is all a question of balance and quickness off the mark. I guarantee that I could put two yards in twenty on to the speed of English players by teaching them track methods. I do not agree that speed is the be-all and end-all in football, but speed off the mark is the first essential. You obviously get to the ball quicker. And balance is the basic principle to give you greater starting speed."

FOR THE FIRST TIME Stanley also told me that for the first time in history a race in the metric distance is to be included in the next Amateur Athletic Association's Annual Championships. The Two Miles Steeplechase has been altered to 3,000 metres. That is the thin edge of the wedge.

For a long time there have been complaints that our athletes have been handicapped by having no previous knowledge of metric distances until they came into competition with foreigners at the Olympic Games and other overseas international meetings.

I can see that initial obstacle being slowly remedied. Not for a moment do I expect to see the classic one mile eliminated from the National Championships—not yet awhile at any rate—but I think that certain metric distance races will be introduced into athletic programmes up and down the country with the consent of the ruling body.

The standard of British athletics today is higher than ever before in history, but we still failed to win a single gold medal at the Helsinki Games in 1952. But there should be some Empire Games next time. Australia is quite the strongest of the Empire teams and with the Games being held in Melbourne in 1956, home

## YOU HAVE TO CATCH A 40lb SHARK TO JOIN THIS CLUB

In a year the Shark Angling Club of Great Britain have more than trebled their membership. Every member must have caught a shark weighing more than 40 lb.

Method of catching is strictly confined to rod, reel and line. Although club membership is now 48, the number of sharks "hooked" last year was 380. Top weight was a porbeagle (cold water) shark weighing 230lb.

This was caught by Mr J. J. Holmes off Brighton. He went on to catch the biggest blue shark of the year—115lb.—off Looe, Cornwall.

Blue sharks are found 40 miles off the coast of Cornwall in May. Later in the summer they come much closer in, but not near the beaches.

There are five women members of the club. Mrs D. Case, of Looe, landed a blue shark of 113½lb. to win the prize for the largest fish caught by a woman.

No shark steaks are available after a big catch.

"Nobody thinks of eating shark," the club secretary, Mr Ronald Roberts, of Hantsford Point, Looe, said.

"It is probably something like tunny. After we have caught, weighed and measured the sharks we tow them out to sea and sink them."

—(London Express Service)

### THE WEEK-END GAMBOLS

by Barry Appleby

GEORGE LOOK AT THE MESS YOU'RE MAKING. YOU NEEDN'T THINK I'M GOING TO CLEAN IT UP.

DON'T WORRY, DEAR, I'LL HAVE IT ALL NICE AND TIDY.

THERE'S THE BUCKET AND SCRUBBING BRUSH.

YOU'RE NOT GETTING INTO THE CORNERS.

YOU WON'T GET THE MARKS OFF LIKE THAT—YOU WANT SOME SODA.

AND DIRT GETS IT.

AND DIRT GETS IT.

AND DIRT GETS IT.

AND DIRT GETS IT.

AND DIRT GETS IT.

AND DIRT GETS IT.



# BUTTERFIELD and SWIRE.

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"HUPHUI" Tientsin 10 a.m. 22nd Mar.  
"SHENGKING" Keelung 5 p.m. 24th Mar.  
\* Sails from Custodian Wharf

**ARRIVALS FROM**  
"SHENGKING" Keelung 7 a.m. 22nd Mar.  
"PAKHOT" Shanghai a.m. 22nd Mar.

**A.O. LINE LTD./C.N. CO. LTD., JOINT SERVICE**  
SAILINGS TO  
"CHIANGSHA" Rabaul, Sydney & Melbourne 6th Apr.  
ARRIVALS FROM  
"CHIANGSHA" Kobe 20th Mar.

**BLUE FUNNEL LINE**  
Scheduled sailings to Europe via Aden & Port Said  
Sails from London  
"ATREUS" Liverpool & Dublin 24th Mar. 25th Mar.  
"BELLEROPHON" Rotterdam, Amsterdam & Hamburg 24th Mar. 25th Mar.  
"PATROCLUS" Marseilles, Liverpool & Glasgow 5th Apr. 6th Apr.  
"ALCINOUS" Liverpool & Glasgow 13th Apr. 14th Apr.  
"ANTIOCHUS" Liverpool & Dublin 23rd Apr. 24th Apr.

Scheduled sailings from Europe  
Sails from Liverpool  
Sails from Rotterdam  
Arrives Hong Kong  
"ALCINOUS" Sailed 27th Mar. 3rd Apr.  
"ANTIOCHUS" do 28th Mar. 4th Apr.  
"CYCLOPS" do 29th Mar. 5th Apr.  
"FERREUS" do 30th Mar. 6th Apr.  
"LAOMEDON" do 31st Mar. 7th Apr.  
"ANCHISEUS" 24th Mar. 2nd May  
"CLYTONEUS" 3rd Apr. 8th May  
"PYRRHUS" 7th Apr. 13th Apr. 14th May  
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"HAINAN" 25th Mar. 10th Apr. 15th May  
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# the BOYS and GIRLS PAGE

## Basketball Tips

### Practise On Foul Shots

By JAY WORTHINGTON

YOU'RE dribbling towards the basket, with less than a minute to play. Whack! A rival guard smashes into you and you don't get a chance to shoot, but the referee toots his whistle. "Personal foul!" roars the referee, above the yelling of the excited crowd. "Two shots!"

You step up to the foul-shooting line for your two free throws, your heart pounding like a riving machine. Your team is losing by a single point. You can still win this basketball game, by scoring a point on each foul shot.

You take your first shot—and the crowd groans. You missed! You can still tie the score. You take your second shot—and again you miss!

Oh well, it was only an imaginary game. Better to lose it now, on paper, than to let it happen in a real game.

Boys—and girls, too—who hope some day to make the team are wise if they practise foul-shooting until they can make those "free throws" nearly every time.

#### RULES CHANGED

THE foul-shot has become increasingly important in basketball. The number of fouls committed last season climbed to a new high, averaging nearly 44 per game. The figure has been rising steadily in recent years.

Players are permitted to commit five personal fouls today, whereas they were allowed only four a few years ago. This rule obviously increased fouling—and the chances to score points on foul shots. The "fast break" and other speed-up styles of offensive play have also resulted in more fouling.



Personal fouls, like the one shown in the picture, are on the increase, basketball authorities say. That's why a player with a good foul shot record is valuable to any basketball team. His accuracy may save the day in a close game.

This all means that, where you might have given only four or five foul shots a game a few years ago, you may get ten or more chances in today's games. Many coaches make their players shoot twenty-five or fifty practice foul-shots after every scrimmage. Experts have estimated that at least two of every five games are won, or lost, at the foul line.

#### BEST STYLE

What is the best way to shoot foul throws? Some coaches say, "Underhand." Others say, "Overhand." Some even recommend a one-hand shot. The majority agree, however, that any style is good as long as you feel natural while shooting—and can make your shot.

All coaches agree, furthermore, that you should stick to

one style, once you have made some progress. If you keep changing your system every few weeks, or even every year, you never will have enough time to master any technique. Even the most expert shooters keep practising all the time.

Don't hurry your shot, in a game. On the other hand, don't stand there too long, or you may get more tense. Wait just long enough to feel relaxed and ready. Some players bounce the ball a few times to loosen up. Some take a deep breath just before shooting.

#### HOME PRACTICE

REMEMBER that shooting twice during an exciting game isn't the same as trying that 40th or 50th shot in a row in practice. Try to duplicate playing conditions, once you have achieved some accuracy. Most coaches make their players practise foul-shooting after a hard scrimmage, when they are tired, for this reason. Vary your practice by taking only a few shots at a time, then step away from the line and run around for a few seconds, then try a few more shots, and so on. Work out your own methods.

And if you can't always use a gym, remember that a peach basket nailed to a wall or tree will serve as well as an inexpensive basket and net. You should be aiming at the hoop, anyway, and not the backboard. Watch the experts.

How good should you be? There isn't any limit. Expert shooters have scored as high as 70 or 71 of 76 attempts in foul-shooting contests. Professional teams have scored as many as 47 of 52 chances in an actual game.

## Wearing Stones For Luck

THE human fondness for rare stones is wrapped up in ancient superstitions. In olden times superstition started people wearing certain stones, bands and rings as a means of protection against evil spirits. These pieces of jewellery were called amulets (from *hamul*, an Arab word which means "to carry").

What were those amulets made of? They were made of bones, jade, amber, coral, wood, opal, according to the race, tribe and sex of the wearer. Amber is about the oldest of all gem amulets. Superstition says that amber will change colour according to the health of the wearer. Some people still believe that amber will prevent illness if worn at all times.

Coral is an ever popular amulet, and during the Middle Ages was worn as a protection against witches and witch-doctors. As ancient superstition has it, "hang coral around a baby's neck to prevent illness and accidents."

For thousands of years opals represented the safest and most popular of all lucky gems. The ancients believed opals possessed strange powers. But Sir Walter Scott, with his "Anne of Gelestin," changed all this by stating that opals were evil and sure to bring the wearer bad luck. This fiction grew in superstitious minds, and even today the wearer of an opal is said to be "courting bad luck."

The sapphire is worn with the belief that it will bring the "greatest of good luck."

In the early days of the world, to wear the sapphire meant to curry the favour of the gods. The diamond is considered "lucky" by the Italians. Turquoise is the favourite amulet worn by Orientals and is often found bearing the word "Allah," proving that it was worn for religious purposes, also.

Throughout history it was taken for granted that pearls brought bad luck, and many queens and princesses were ill-fated if asked to wear pearls at a ball or banquet. Yet the ancient Romans and Greeks wore pearls when looking for special favours from their gods and weird gods.

Even today, many people wear birthstones with the hope that they will bring good luck.

Here are some so-called birthstones that are said to bring "good luck" to the wearer: January—Garnet February—Amethyst March—Bloodstone April—Diamond May—Emerald June—Agate July—Ruby August—Sardonyx September—Sapphire October—Opal November—Topaz December—Turquoise

What do YOU wear, or aren't you superstitious?

## A Bad Fight in the Playroom

—But It Turned Out to Be Only Make-Believe—

By MAX TRELL

IT was a surprising thing to see. Knarf and Hanid, the shadow-children with the turned-out names, could hardly believe their own eyes. There was Mr Punch and his friend, the Policeman, standing toe to toe in the middle of Mr Punch's parlour, fighting with each other.

Even Match First Mr Punch hit the Policeman on the nose, then the Policeman hit Mr Punch back on his nose. Meanwhile, a whole crowd of onlookers including Teddy the Stuffed Bear, Mary Jane the Rag Doll, General Tin the Tin Soldier, the Canary and the Cuckoo circled around the two fighters and kept shouting: "Hit him, Mr Punch! Hit him, Policeman!"

But Judy, who was Mr Punch's wife, only shouted: "Stop, stop! Stop fighting, both of you! And when they didn't, she ran into the kitchen and got a rolling pin and went at Mr Punch and the Policeman, alike, whacking them both as hard as she could until, finally, she made them stop. Then she made them both sit down at opposite sides of the room, as far away from each other as she could possibly get them.

At It Again But this did no good, for suddenly, the Policeman and Mr Punch rushed at each other again, banging each other on the nose as before, and Judy picked up her rolling pin again and whacked to right and left with all her might.

All the onlookers shouted and screamed. It was at this moment that Knarf and Hanid, seeing how things were going, started shouting themselves. "Mr Punch! It's wrong to fight! This is awful!" cried Hanid.

And suddenly, the fight ended. Mr Punch began laughing. Judy began laughing and Teddy the Stuffed Bear, Mary Jane the Rag Doll, General Tin the Tin Soldier, the Canary and the Cuckoo all roared with merriment.

Knarf and Hanid looked at each other with bewildered expressions.

By this time, Mr Punch and the Policeman were shaking hands, and Judy had taken the rolling pin back into the kitchen and returned with a big jar of cookies and a pitcher of lemonade.

"Now you didn't think," Mr Punch said to Knarf and Hanid, "that we were really fighting?" " weren't you?" said Hanid. "It looked like a real fight," said Knarf.



The Policeman and Mr. Punch roared with laughter.

"Certainly not," said the Policeman. Mr Punch is a puppet. I'm a puppet. Judy is a puppet. We're like actors. This is all fun."

"Yes," put in Judy, "it's all make-believe. Sit down and have some cookies and lemonade." Though they still looked puzzled, Knarf and Hanid were delighted to know that the fight wasn't a real fight. "You see," the Policeman explained, "when actors do pretend things, they look real. Punch and Judy are my best friends. I wouldn't fight with them for all the money in the world."

Mr Punch and Judy both nodded.

#### No Wires Attached

"But if you were puppets," said Knarf to Mr Punch, and Judy and the Policeman, "you'd have wires attached to you." Judy explained, about this, she said that when they put on shows for the children—puppet shows—they all used their wires. "But this is a show just for the folks in the playroom. So we don't need any wires."

While everybody was enjoying cookies and lemonade, Mr Punch explained about puppet shows. "We've been giving them, for years and years and years, for hundreds of years. They began in Italy. My name was Punchinello then. That we moved to France, my name became Pierrot, and Judy's name was Pierrette. That we went to England and there they called us Punch and Judy."

—and the Policeman, said the Policeman. Knarf and Hanid never knew that Punch and Judy were puppets. They were just famous people. Even the fighting didn't seem so bad. They thought that they were really fighting. It was make-believe.

## SNOWSTORM PAPER WEIGHT

1. Find a small JAR with an interesting shape and a tight screw-on lid.

2. FASTEN small CHINA FIGURINE to the bottom of the lid with WATERPROOF CLAY.

3. FOLD 2 MOTHBALLS IN A SMALL PIECE OF CLOTH AND CRUSH IT INTO SMALL PIECES WITH A HAMMER.

4. Put about 1/2 teaspoon of the pieces in the bottom of the jar. FILL IT NEARLY TO THE TOP WITH WATER. SCREW THE LID ON TIGHTLY!

TRY TO OVER JAR. IF FIGURE IS TOO SHORT CUT OFF SLICE FROM CORK AND FASTEN IT TO THE TOP. THEN FASTEN THE FIGURE TO THE CORK.

SHAKE THE JAR TO SEE THE SNOWSTORM!

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

Rupert and the Black Sp... (partially obscured)

(partially obscured)

(partially obscured)

(partially obscured)

(partially obscured)

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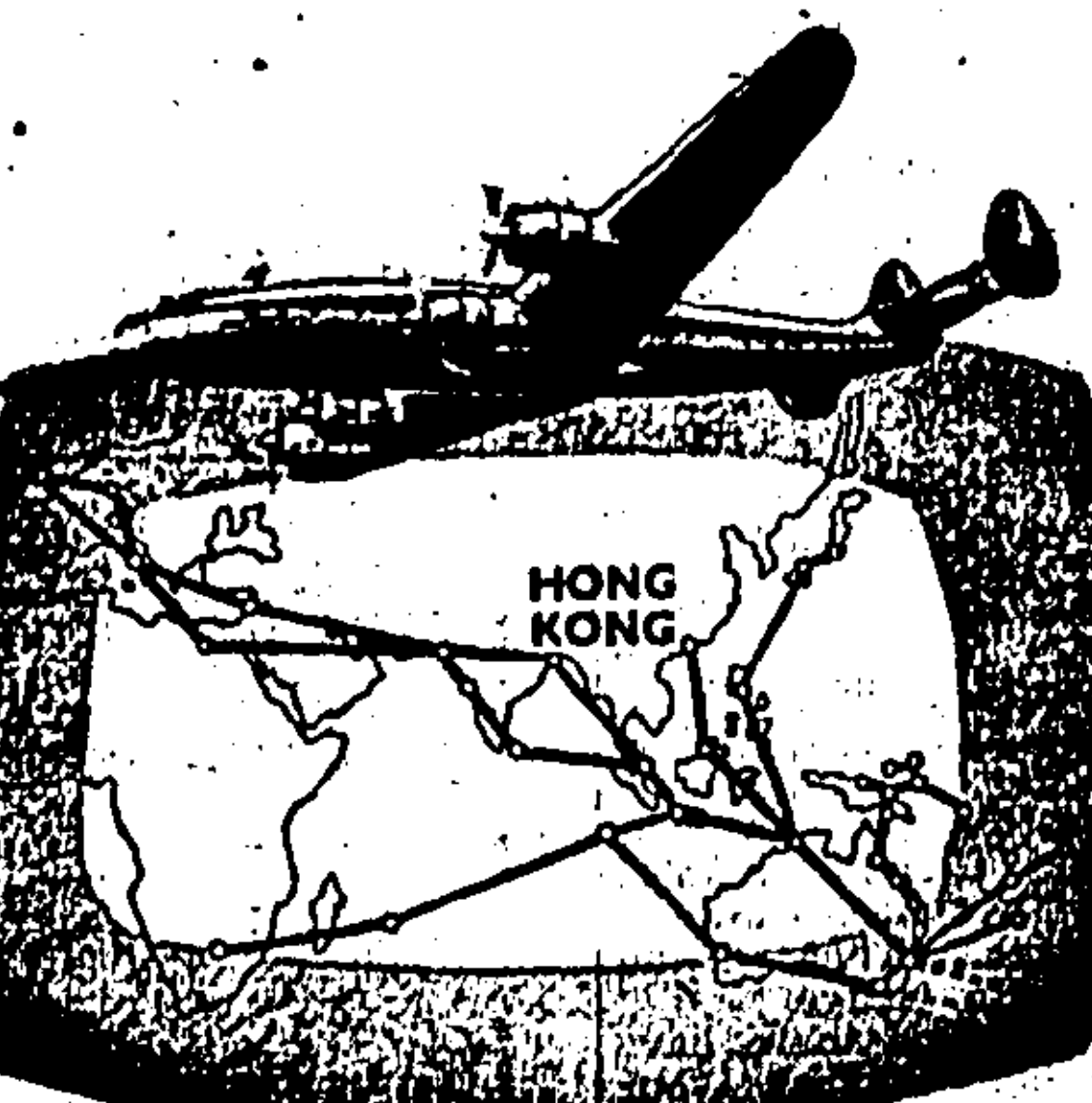
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## DUMB-BELLS



## JACOBY ON BRIDGE

Never Lose Sight Of  
Contract Making

By OSWALD JACOBY

WHEN you're playing rubber bridge you don't have to win every possible trick. Your main objective is to make your contract. Only when that is assured should you pay much attention to possible overtricks. South lost sight of this elementary fact in the hand shown today.

West opened the singleton queen of clubs only because he couldn't develop any fondness for any other lead. He was afraid that a trump lead would give declarer a free finesse; the diamonds were obviously a good suit to play away from; and there was nothing attractive about leading away from the king of hearts.

Singletons as high as the queen are seldom picked for the opening lead, but in this case it seemed to be the least of evils.

Declarer won in dummy with the ace and should have gone right after his contract by drawing trumps and giving up

NORTH (D)		16
♠ K 4		
♥ 8		
♦ K J 9 4 3		
♣ A 5 2		
WEST		EAST
♠ 7 6 5		♠ 9 3
♥ K J 5 4		♥ A 9 7 2
♦ A 10 5 2		♦ Q 8 7
♣ Q		♣ K J 7 6
SOUTH		
♠ A Q J 10 8 2		
♥ Q 10 3		
♦ None		
♣ 10 9 8 4		
East-West vul.		
North	East	South
Pass	Pass	1 ♠
2 ♠	Pass	2 ♠
Pass	Pass	Pass
Opening lead—♠ Q		

two club tricks to the king and jack. He would make a total of six trump tricks and two clubs.

Instead, South decided to go adventuring after extra tricks. He led a heart from the dummy at the second trick. It looked safe enough to try for a heart ruff in dummy, but this one little slip was enough to defeat him.

East hopped up with the ace of hearts to cash his high clubs and then give West a club ruff. This took away from declarer what should have been his second club trick.

West then returned a trump. Declarer won with dummy's king and led another heart, hoping to develop either a heart trick or a ruff in dummy. Neither developed, for West was able to win the second round of trumps. This limited declarer to six trump tricks and the ace of clubs.

## CARD Sense

Q—The bidding has been:  
North East South West  
1 Heart Pass 1 Spade Pass  
2 NT Pass ?  
You, South, hold: Spades K-Q-7-6-3, Hearts Q-J-5-2, Diamonds K-4, Clubs 9-5. What do you do?

A—Bid four hearts. A bid of only three hearts would not show your full strength. It is obvious you would have no problem now if you had jumped to three hearts over the opening bid instead of bothering to show your spades.

## TODAY'S QUESTION

The bidding is the same as in the question just answered. You, South, hold: Spades K-Q-7-6-3, Hearts 3-2, Diamonds K-Q-8-4-3, Club 5. What do you do?

Answer on Monday

## WHAT'S HIS LINE?

Rearrange the letters to form the occupation.  
PETER ORAN  
(Solution on Page 80)

## YOUR BIRTHDAY By STELLA

SATURDAY, MARCH 20

BORN today, you have a deep interest in science. Your ability to experiment patiently with something new until you have found the answer and your executive ability combined should eventually put you at the top of the ladder in your profession. The stars have given you a love of music, too, and it is probable that you have some ability for composing as well as for playing some instrument more than ordinarily well. If you wished to pursue music as a career you could become outstanding.

Fond of the mysterious and of the occult, you will want to make a study of this at some time in your life. You would enjoy visiting the Orient, for you feel that you might learn a great deal in the Far East.

You are an independent soul and dislike being handed advice. You have your own ideas; want to make your own plans; and resent interference from outsiders. Because of this characteristic, you may find it a little more difficult than others to work under a supervisor. You would find yourself much happier to be your own boss. And, if you are to make your mark in a competitive, materialistic world, you will need to learn how to work amicably with others. You can do it, too, if you will only try. For, once you have made up your mind to do something, nothing in the world can stop your will and determination to succeed.

To find what the stars have in store for tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

SUNDAY, MARCH 21

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—First day of spring! Take a drive out into the country if you are a city dweller. Get some fresh air.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—If old friends drive into town, roll out the red carpet! Their visit can prove pleasant, even if unexpected.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 20)—If you have a hobby, this may be a fine day to indulge in it. Perhaps it's puttering around the house. Have fun!

GEMINI (May 21-June 21)—It might be a little early to start digging in the garden, but you could have fun today making your plans!

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—Even if the weather isn't exactly what you like it to be, at least remember winter is on its way out!

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—If it's a pleasant day, plan to get out in the open—even if it is only a walk in a city park!

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—Spiritual consolation may help to turn your mind and spirits into a more optimistic pathway today.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—Try to get a change of scene. If life appears a little dull, you can pep things up by doing something different.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 23)—No time to worry about the past. Make fresh new plans for the future. That's what counts.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—If you rest today, you will be ready to face a vigorous week's work which begins tomorrow. Try it and see.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—You can't work all the time. Today is the day when you should relax thoroughly to restore your energies.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—Mental and spiritual relaxation is as important as physical rest. Don't worry about anything.

BORN today, you are one of the substantial individuals of this world. You have been given talents in the arts—especially music and literature. They only need to be properly developed to give you entrance into the first rank of creative musicians or writers. You have a deep philosophy of life and your spiritual instincts are highly developed. You members of the fair sex are very likely to be deeply interested in doing good in your church or your community. Whenever you are asked to give your time and your money to a worthy cause, you will never refuse. You are the perfect chairman of any kind of a committee!

You must learn, however, not to take yourself too seriously. Cultivate your sense of humor a little more. Smile and the world will smile along with you. Always look on the bright side of things; stick to positive thinking; and start each day as if you knew, in advance, that it might be the happiest day of your life.

You have an ability to give excellent advice in times of crisis. People are always asking for it—and nine times out of ten you end up by helping work out the problem as well as giving advice. Just see to it that your good nature is not being imposed upon a great deal of the time.

An early marriage should bring you a great deal of happiness. You enjoy home life and will want a large family of your own. You have a quick temper, but once you have blown off steam you are the first to apologise. You never hold a grudge.

To find what the stars have in store for tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

MONDAY, MARCH 22

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—You should be able to face the new working week with new strength and vigour. Your mind should be especially alert.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—Avoid taking risks of any kind just now. Conservative action is much the better plan for you today.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 20)—A discarded idea which you had previously considered impractical, may now work out better than you thought.

GEMINI (May 21-June 21)—Be alert to recognize a new opportunity when it appears on the horizon. In that way lies success.

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—Old friends may prove of real help today. Co-operative action can be very beneficial to your plans.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—If you are really ambitious, you can expect your hopes and desires to be fulfilled very soon now.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—Romance is in the air for you this spring. Be wise about it. You may need to make a choice for a lifetime.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—The amount of ambition you have today will depend upon how much energy you stored up yesterday!

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)—Guard against making a serious mistake in judgment. If in doubt, postpone your decision until later on.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—Your store of vital energy should match your ambitions today. See that you work hard.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—This may be a day when you will need to stick fairly close to routine and get it done on time.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—Now that spring is really here, your ambitions should soar. Bend all your efforts toward some definite goal.

## DART WORDS

FIRST and LAST words of dart words are favourite children's authors and words. Can you find the way from one to the other by using all the words in the circle—48 or them in such a way that the relationship between any word and the one next to it is a synonym or a synonym of the word that precedes it. It may be found by adding one letter to, or subtracting one from, or changing the position of a letter in the preceding word.

1. The word may be an acronym of the word that precedes it.  
2. It may be found by adding one letter to, or subtracting one from, or changing the position of a letter in the preceding word.  
3. It may be a synonym of the word that precedes it.  
4. It may be a word in the preceding word.

5. It may be a word in the preceding word.  
6. It may be a word in the preceding word.  
7. It may be a word in the preceding word.  
8. It may be a word in the preceding word.

## RECORD OSCAR FOR "SHOW BIZ"

If the record companies were awarded "Oscars" for turning out masterpieces, RCA-Victor would be a strong candidate for 1954 honours with "Show Biz".

This 12-inch LP is based on Abel Green and Joe Laurie's best-selling reminiscence about show business. You hear the actual voices of Caruso, Sir Harry Lauder, Fanny Brice, Will Rogers and other great entertainers no longer with us. And those stars who are still around are ably represented by Jimmy Durante, Eddie Cantor, Eddie Fisher and dozens more.

"Show Biz" will bring back many memories to the oldsters and the young folk will find this album at least entertaining, if not inspiring.

One of the livelier Dixieland jazz platters now in circulation is the long-play recording at "At the Jazz Band Ball" by Preacher Rollo and his Five Saints (M-G-M).

In addition to the little tune, the Preacher's boys hit it off enthusiastically on seven other

rhythmic numbers, including such Dixie standards as "Banana" and "Tidgely Feet".

Even on the slower blues numbers—"A Good Man Is Hard to Find," for instance—the "drive" of this hot combo is powerful.

LP releases in Lion Records' "Designed for Dancing" series include rhumbas and mamboes by Rene Touzet and his orchestra, polkas by Ted Tyle's band, all-time favourites by Eddie Ashman's orchestra and tops in pops by Jerry Wald. Each of these "economy" albums contains eight numbers. The Wald LP probably will be the most popular as it includes current favourites such as "Rags to Riches," "Changing Partners" and "Many Times."

Best novelty of the week: "What It Was, Was Football," an amusing little monologue by Deacon Andy Griffin (Capitol). The Deacon gives a twangy account of a country feller being pushed by a Saturday crowd into a strange place where people push other people around.

—WILLIAM D. LAFFLER.

## BY THE WAY by Beachcomber

THE attempt to organise "television cells" in private homes for the next General Election carries a grave warning with it.

The prisoners in these cells, those who have been rounded up by "political hosts," will not be given food or drink, as that would come under the heading of bribery and corruption. They will sit in surly silence, gapping at the screen, while the host and hostess drink their fill.

I suggest that each of these cells should have an acclamator-televistone to act as wardress. The prisoners must be taken out for a little exercise and fresh air now and then.

## Thirsty work

THERE must be, at present, no suggestion of press-gang methods, no shanghaiing of the apathetic in dark alleys by the hired bullocks of the political hosts. All that will come later, when even the chaining up of "guests" has failed to make them interested enough in the propaganda to go to the polls. There will be a great temptation to relax the rules about food and drink. When a guest says, "I'm worn out. Just slip me a biscuit and a glass of beer in the next room, and I'll vote any way you want me to," the host will have to harden his heart.

Try to hold out. Only four more speeches, and then you can go home. And imagine the rumpus when a lady brings her canary to the show, and the hostess gives it a drink of water. Isn't that using bribery and corruption to influence the owner?

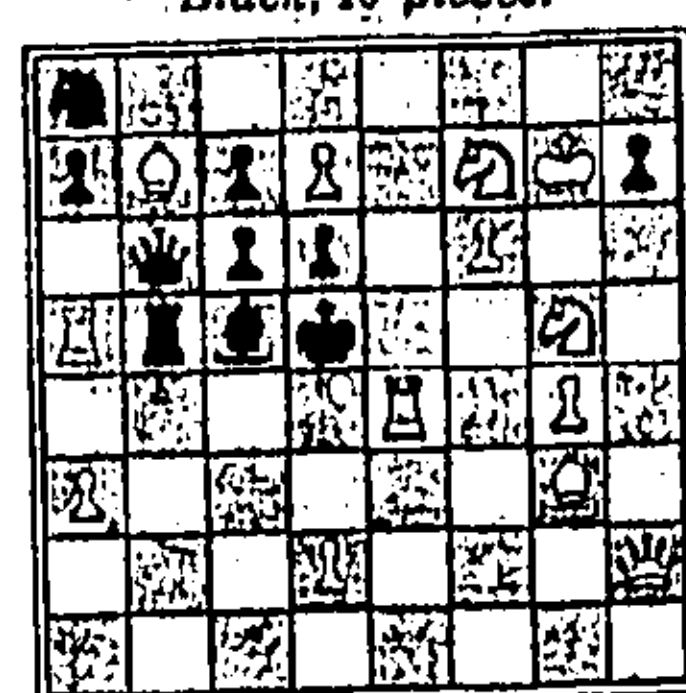
## And a tussle bowler

I SEE that the well-dressed man this summer will be wearing a crimped shirt of acetate locknit staple, with a stub effect, warp silicone braces, and a spun tartan waistcoat.

## CHESS PROBLEM

By T. C. D. RICKETTS

Black, 10 pieces.



White, 13 pieces.

White to play: mate in three. Solution to yesterday's problem: 1. Q-R6, any; 2. Q, B, Kt, or P mates.



Understand she did a lot of night-club work during the summer.



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